

CP strength wanes

"This isn't any longer a matter of a few individual cases, but of a crisis of vast proportions," remarked Ignazio Silone, Italian Socialist-novelist, about defections from the Italian Communist party. He estimates that 10,000 party members have followed the example of rebels Magnani and Cucchi (AM. 3/3, p. 630). Silone's explanation is that thousands of Italian Communists have become disillusioned about the purposes of the party. The only "democracy" and "patriotism" it will tolerate are the kind geared to the Kremlin's imperialism, cloaked under the guise of "peace offensives." This disillusionment is not limited to Italy. Homer M. Byington, Jr. of the State Department on March 4 released the following figures, which show how much strength the Communist parties in Western Europe have lost since 1946:

	CP Membership		Percentage
	1946	1950	loss
Austria	150,000	100,000	34
Belgium	100,000	35,000	65
Denmark	60,000	22,500	63
France	850,000	600,000	30
Italy ('48)	2,300,000	1,600,000	31
Luxembourg	3,000	500	84
Netherlands . . .	50,000	33,000	34
Norway	40,000	14,000	65
Sweden	60,000	33,000	45
Britain	60,000	40,000	34
W. Germany . . .	300,000	200,000	34
Totals	3,973,000	2,678,000	33

Last fall we pointed out the extent to which Communist representation in West Europe's parliaments had dropped (AM. 10/7/50, p. 3). The continuing decline in CP membership should reveal itself in further losses as elections are held, despite the fact that in some countries, such as France, many non-Communists vote for Communist candidates. If Communists were West Europe's only problem, the outlook would be cheerful.

De Gasperi's troubles

For the first time since Valdo Magnani and Aldo Cucchi took their now celebrated walk in January, Italy's Communists had something to shout about. On March 1 a Government-backed bill—itsself of no consequence—barely passed the Chamber of Deputies by a vote of 253 to 237. The Communists were quick to spot the significance of the scanty 16-vote margin: the Christian Democratic party had a revolt of its own on its hands. Since Prime Minister Alcide de Gasperi's party has an absolute majority in the Chamber of 303 deputies out of a total of 574, the Communists reasoned that some Christian Democrats had obviously voted against the Government. The CP press put the number of "rebels" at 50. It was wrong only on the number, which was closer to 30 than to 50. Though the de Gasperi regime has been one of the most stable in Europe, it has been plagued from the start by a family quarrel among the Christian Democrats—the largest party by far in the Government coalition. A "left-wing" group strenuously objects to certain members of the Cabinet on the ground that they are disguised repre-

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sentatives of big business. A "right-wing" group opposes the same gentlemen because they are, by their alleged fondness for planning, greasing the skids for socialism. In the vote on March 1, members of both these groups within de Gasperi's own party voted with the Communists and the left-wing Socialists. With the new defense program about to be presented to the Chamber, this fratricidal strife could scarcely have erupted at a worse time. The differences which divide these Catholic groups may seem to them very great, but they are as nothing compared with the gulf which sunders them from the Communists. Apparently they have forgotten this, just as they seem to have forgotten that Italy, as well as all Western Europe, is still in deadly peril.

Census of armaments

Whose armament program is threatening whom—the Big Three's or the Big One's? Peace-loving J. Stalin purred in his *Pravda* interview of February 16 that Russia was demobilizing, while Britain, France and the United States were arming to the teeth. Shortly thereafter, his Foreign Office charged in a note to Great Britain that the Big Three's armed forces were double those of the Soviet Union. The accused retorted that, as usual, the Kremlin was indulging in upside-down talk. "This routine of charge and counter-charge can be ended immediately," said Frank C. Nash of the United States to the UN Commission on Conventional Armaments on March 3, "if the USSR consents to a world-wide arms census by the United Nations." It was a well-timed but not a new proposal. The French first made it in 1948. The Soviets vetoed it in the Security Council, October 18, 1949. The vetoless General Assembly then approved the scheme "in principle," over Soviet opposition, on December 5, 1949. Ostensibly, the Soviets object because the proposed census would omit atomic weapons and contains no provision for an immediate one-third cut in military forces. Their real reason is the rigid inspection involved. Alien inspectors roaming Russia checking on the arms figures it submits would tear the Iron Curtain to shreds. Hence no arms census is likely until the USSR finally decides to abandon its isolation. As that day seems very distant, the United States appears to have missed a chance to score a major propaganda point by including atomic weapons in the census. Why

not? We have already offered to let a UN atomic authority count our A-bombs. We could call the USSR's bluff on armaments by letting the Commission on Armaments do the same.

Bonn builds for the future

Western Germany has been wise enough to realize that its future depends on German youth. The Bonn Government has announced a Cabinet decision to allot 53 million marks (about \$11 million) for an extensive youth program. This is the most significant step yet taken by the Government to assure the running of youth activities on a democratic basis, because government support will not mean government control. Supervision will rest with a special board made up of leaders of the youth organizations of the various political parties (except the Communist), representatives of church and student youth groups, trade union, industrial and public-welfare authorities. The purposes of the program are far-flung: to provide vocational training, support youth periodicals, increase youth activities in districts bordering on the Soviet zone and render special aid to the youth of Berlin. The program will also promote political contact between youth and the Federal Government. Finally, it will facilitate youth-exchange arrangements with other countries in the interests of better international understanding. Religious youth organizations are very popular with German youth (see AM. 1/20/51, p. 448). As 10 million marks from the total appropriation are earmarked to help the activities of existing youth organizations, the Government's wise decision will bolster not only democracy, but a sound religious spirit as well, without which democracy degenerates into a shibboleth.

The Indo-Pakistan trade pact

On February 26 the India-Pakistan economic deadlock was finally broken when India signed a trade pact with Pakistan to operate until June, 1952. The conflict dated from September, 1949. India then devalued the rupee in conformity with Britain's devaluation of the pound sterling. Pakistan refused to follow suit. India thereupon accused her neighbor of a selfish attempt to turn the tide of trade against her. Trade stopped. Economic relations between the two countries sud-

denly became aloof and bitter. It took India's serious food shortage to rub in the rather obvious lesson that commodity prices do not depend on foreign exchange ratios but rather on the level of world demand. Pakistan will once again supply raw materials for India's superior industry. She will also be able to ship to India 120,000 tons of much-needed grain by June of this year. As long as India and Pakistan remained far apart on the Kashmir question, there was little hope that either country would adopt a common-sense attitude in coping with their mutual economic problems. The decision to come to terms is therefore a complete surprise. There is no indication that a settlement of the critical Kashmir question will arise out of the newly found economic harmony. Both countries claim the territory, which lies between them. Both New Delhi and Karachi have given the UN's latest effort at mediation a frosty reception. Unless the neighbors agree on their own to accept one of the proposed solutions (AM. 3/3, p. 631), they may be forced to agree by the pressure of Soviet expansionism or the advance of Red Chinese troops further into Tibet.

Home-owning Americans

For the first time in the nation's history, more families own homes than rent them. According to the Housing and Home Finance Agency, the generally prosperous conditions during the years between 1940 and 1950 combined with a shortage of rental units to jump owner-occupied homes by 71 per cent. That was "the largest increase for any decade on record." The increase in home ownership was equally reflected in city and country. For fifty years, from 1890 to 1940, the proportion of home owners in the farm population dropped from 65 per cent to 53 per cent. Bumper crops and high prices over the past decade reversed this trend to such an extent that in 1950 the proportion of home owners in the rural sections again reached 65 per cent. Urban home ownership has followed a somewhat different pattern. For fifty years, starting from 1890, the percentage of urban homes owned by their occupants advanced from 37 to 46 per cent. The depression of the 'thirties sent the percentage down to 41 per cent. Now it stands at 53 per cent—the highest point in the record books. Based on the decennial census taken last spring, these figures make Soviet predictions of an American crash look pretty silly. They also help to explain why Marxist class warfare has never caught on in this country. Too many "down-trodden U. S. proletarians" own their own homes.

Catholic press and crime

"There is a wide-open field for the Catholic press in crime reporting," Brooklyn's District Attorney Miles F. McDonald told the guests of a "Salute the Catholic Press" dinner in Chicago recently. The Chicago group deserves a hand for inviting Mr. McDonald to speak. What can Catholic journalists add to crime accounts already given by the secular press? That "the real trouble bothering man today is a spiritual poverty,"

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Editor-in-Chief: ROBERT C. HARTNETT

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VINCENT S. KEARNEY

Contributing Editors: WILFRID PARSONS, ROBERT A. GRAHAM,

ALLAN P. FARRELL

Editorial Office: 329 W. 108TH STREET, NEW YORK 25, N. Y.

Business Office: 70 EAST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Business Manager and Treasurer: JOSEPH C. MULHERN

Circulation Manager: MR. HAROLD F. HALL

Advertising Manager: MISS JANE VLYMEN

answered the D.A., and that "spiritual poverty can lead as surely to crime as economic poverty." He struck home by saying that if Catholic publications lashed out at crime the way they do at communism, "the fruits would be great and once again the community would be in the debt of the Catholic press." Mr. McDonald has won great credit for his courage in uncovering gamblers' pay-offs to the police for protection (AM. 4/22/50, p. 73). AMERICA called attention last spring, at the time of the Binaggio slaying in Kansas City, to the tie-up between the underworld of criminals and the "overworld" of liquor executives and public officials (4/22; 5/13; 5/27). We published a comprehensive article on the Kefauver committee's investigation of "Gambling, crime and political corruption" (AM. 7/8/50, pp. 373-75). Soon we shall publish at least two more articles based on the published reports of this committee, which will terminate its "look-see" on March 31. Last week we editorialized on the subject. As the editor of Chicago's diocesan *New World* said at the press dinner, Catholic publications have to steer clear of partisan politics. Crime investigations, it is true, are often undertaken for partisan purposes. That limitation seems to us to leave room for more exposures of criminal activities, especially *local*, than the Catholic press has published. If crime isn't a moral concern, what is?

...and St. Patrick's Day

By a happy coincidence, St. Patrick's Day this year coincides with our date of issue. We are indebted to Rev. Richard M. McKeon for a very appropriate piece tucked into "Feature X." Discussion of the contribution the Irish have made to our American heritage is always intriguing. That it has been an extremely valuable contribution only those who are entirely out of sympathy with the Catholic religion would deny. Like all peoples, the Irish have their great virtues and their characteristic shortcomings. It may seem brash to suggest that a little attention might be given on St. Patrick's Day to the heavy social responsibilities resting on Americans of Irish origin today, responsibilities some of them do not take seriously enough. The Irish in America are no longer, by and large, the poor. They have "arrived." Some even think they have passed their peak. They occupy many very important political positions, as well as positions of considerable influence in the professions and in business. The question is: are they somewhat too lenient with some of their fellows who have discovered ways of making money which do not rhyme with Christian standards of morality? Miles F. McDonald's remarks about the reporting of crime in the Catholic press opens up a big subject. Irish names do not occur very often among the underworld characters brought to the bar of justice. They do occur, however, among the law-enforcement officers charged with aiding and abetting the underworld. St. Patrick's Day might be a suitable occa-

sion for speakers to remind all our fellow-citizens that representative Americans of Irish origin condemn this tie-up and expect the highest standards of public morality from all, regardless of racial origin.

New York report on discrimination

The New York State Commission Against Discrimination—uneuphoniously known as SCAD—released on March 1 its report for 1950. The Commission was created by the Ives-Quinn Law in 1945 to prevent discrimination in employment based on race, creed, color or national origin (AM. 3/4/50, pp. 633-35). Its procedure embraces three steps: conference and conciliation; an open hearing, after which the Commission may issue a cease-and-desist order; application to the courts for enforcement of the order. During 1950, complaints filed with the Commission numbered 257; the Commission itself initiated 101 investigations. Including complaints and investigations opened prior to 1950, reviews of previously closed cases and examinations of job-application forms, SCAD handled 1,728 regulatory matters in 1950. Of 289 cases of alleged discrimination, 123 were dismissed for lack of cause, 20 for lack of jurisdiction, and 8 were withdrawn by the complainant. Discrimination was found in 137 cases, and eliminated after conference and conciliation. One public hearing was ordered—the second since the Commission began to operate, in July, 1945. The Commission lays great stress on its function of educating the public about the nature and operation of the law. It has set up educational councils in twelve cities or counties in the State. As far as possible, these include religious, educational, social and business leaders of the various communities. The Commission's judgment on its year's work is that, "strengthened by the cooperation of business, labor and other civic groups, [it] has been one of the important factors in preparing New York State for its role in the present international crisis."

Monetary peace over Washington

In Key West, where he was mixing work with doses of Florida sunshine, President Truman issued a statement saying how pleased he was that the Treasury-Federal Reserve controversy (AM. 3/10, pp. 667-8) had been amicably settled. Well might the President be pleased. The committee which he appointed on February 26 to resolve the scrap—Secretary of the Treasury Snyder, Federal Reserve Board Chairman McCabe, Defense Mobilizer Wilson and Leon Keyserling, head of the Council of Economic Advisers—took exactly five days to do the job. In track terms, that's the equivalent of a four-minute mile. The compromise settlement, which seemed to satisfy both Messrs. Snyder and McCabe, provides for a new issue of long-term bonds bearing an interest rate of 2.75 per cent. Though these bonds will not be negotiable, they can be exchanged for new notes which the Treasury will issue and which *will* be negotiable. On March 19, the Treasury plans to announce the nature of the new

securities and the interest rate they will bear. Until it is known whether the Federal Reserve will support the new notes at par, it is impossible to say which side the compromise favors. By agreeing to an increase of one-fourth per cent in the interest rate on long-term bonds, Mr. Snyder made a slight concession to the Federal Reserve. Unless he received in return a commitment to support at par the negotiable securities for which the 2.75 per-cent bonds can be exchanged, it looks as if the Federal Reserve got somewhat the better of the deal.

That "quickie" amendment

The abruptness with which a dozen State legislatures, including six in the South, whipped through ratifications of the two-term amendment to the Constitution since New Year's Day, might justify its being called the "quickie" amendment. Its adoption prompts a few timely reflections. For one thing, this may have been the first time the United States ever ratified an amendment for such an obvious political purpose having nothing to do with the merits of the question. Republican States ratified it mostly because it was Republican in inspiration and purpose. Many of them undoubtedly believed that third and fourth terms pose a menace to American liberty. Republicans control only 27 State legislatures, however, eight short of the 36 necessary to ratify. Ratification was put through by nine Democratic State legislatures. According to the general opinion, these latter took such action largely to show their disapproval of the racial policies of President Truman, and perhaps of the late President Roosevelt. It was a "no confidence" vote on Mr. Truman rather than a judgment about whether the people of the United States should write into their Constitution a prohibition of a third term. Secondly, you never hear in this country any criticism of the long tenure of foreign executives. Eamon de Valera, always popular with many Americans who think a third term leads to a "dictatorship," was Prime Minister of Ireland from March 9, 1932 until 1948. He was re-elected five times. The late W. L. Mackenzie King was Prime Minister of Canada twice, from 1921 to 1930 and from 1935 to 1948, a total of over twenty years. Perhaps our people feel that the U. S. President has too much constitutional power to be allowed to succeed himself more than once.

... and the State-local scene

Then there's the fact that Governor Dewey was elected to a third term in New York State last fall. His legislature ratified the Federal amendment, too. Maybe there's no danger of "dictatorship" in State governments. What about mayors? The late Mayor Edward J. Kelly of Chicago held office from 1933 to 1947. Finally, there's the little question of whether the State legislatures, in ratifying Amendment XXII, had the support of public opinion, or made any real effort to discover where public opinion stood. Was ever a Federal amendment less discussed?

LABOR-MANAGEMENT NEWS

Beneath the noise and fuss of the defense effort, the steady work of clarifying the legal rules of industrial relations goes quietly on. Several recent decisions by the National Labor Relations Board and the courts are of more than passing interest.

1. The ruling of the Supreme Court in *Railway Employees v. Wisconsin ERB* seriously jeopardizes public utility anti-strike acts in Kansas, Florida, Indiana, Michigan, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Nebraska, as well as in Wisconsin. The Wisconsin Act outlaws strikes in public utilities and stipulates that all unresolved labor-management disputes be settled by compulsory arbitration. Challenged by several unions on the ground, among others, that it denied workers their rights under the Taft-Hartley Act, the law was struck down on February 26 by a six to three decision. Wrote Chief Justice Vinson:

Whereas here the State seeks to deny entirely a Federally guaranteed right which Congress itself restricted only to a limited extent in case of national emergencies . . . it is manifest that the State legislation is in conflict with Federal law.

The wording of the decision leaves the possibility that State anti-strike laws which do not forbid *all* strikes, as does the Wisconsin statute, but are restricted to emergencies, might be held constitutional.

2. The same day the Court decided the anti-strike case it warned NLRB that henceforth it would look more carefully at the evidence in appealed cases than it did under the Wagner Act. In *Pittsburgh Steamship v. NLRB*, Justice Frankfurter said:

The Administrative Procedures Act and the Taft-Hartley Act direct that courts must now assume more responsibility for the reasonableness and fairness of labor board decisions than some courts have shown in the past.

According to the Wagner Act, NLRB findings of fact were considered conclusive if "supported by evidence." Taft-Hartley imposed greater responsibility on the courts by requiring that findings be supported by "substantial evidence on the record considered as a whole."

In the Pittsburgh Steamship case the Court upheld a lower-court ruling, vacating an NLRB decision which ordered the company to cease discouraging membership in the National Maritime Union (CIO).

3. The closed shop is dying a very slow death, if, indeed, it can be said to be dying at all. Seemingly doomed by Taft-Hartley, it is reputed in some industries to be thriving, in many cases on oxygen supplied by friendly employers. Now comes a ruling by NLRB which renders it relatively easy for a union and an employer to conduct their affairs almost as if the ban on the closed shop did not exist. In the Missouri Boiler and Sheet Iron Works case, NLRB held that it was legal for an employer to hire regularly through a union provided there was no discrimination against job applicants because of non-membership in the union. In most cases it takes a lot of proving to show that an applicant was rejected for want of a union card, and not for any one of a dozen other reasons. B. L. M.

WASHINGTON FRONT

While Congress dawdled along amid the ashes of the Great Debate, the inhabitants of the nation's capital watched it with their usual apprehension for their own fate during the coming year. Washington is ruled by the District Committees of the House and Senate, who legislate for us, tax us, and generally shove us around, without any representation by us. We can't even vote for President.

Just now, we are witnessing the usual merry-go-round on the question of daylight saving. If the past is any criterion, the committees will hold hearings on it, members will make loud speeches against it for the benefit of their farmer constituents back home, the papers will thunder in favor of it every week, and we will finally get it—a week or two after every large community within 200 miles has already had it. A bill to end this annual foolishness is pending. It would authorize the District Commissioners, once for all, to proclaim daylight saving each year in good time, so that the railroads, bus systems, radio and television stations, and just common citizens, could make their plans in advance. It hasn't much chance.

Three Commissioners administer Washington for the Congress. Each is responsible for a part of the District's various affairs: traffic, sanitation, health, welfare, housing, police and firemen (we have three different autonomous police systems here) public schools, liquor control, etc. Recently, one of the Commissioners was retired for old age, and another will soon be, for the same reason. To fill the vacancy, the President nominated F. Joseph Donohue, a Catholic, a long-time resident and a brilliant lawyer. The Senate held interminable hearings on him; a group of Methodist ministers objected to him because he had represented a big liquor dealer. But Mr. Donohue won the hearts of the citizens by promptly declaring that if confirmed he would seek to abolish his own job by working for Home Rule, which means that we would have a mayor and city council, elected by the people themselves. It was a gesture unique in the history of office-seekers. The papers all cheered, and were widely echoed.

At this point two pressure groups entered the picture: the Board of Trade, a self-perpetuating body popularly supposed to "run the city," and the Federation of Citizens Associations, composed of some twenty neighborhood associations, a group of busybodies whose principal aim seems to be to "keep the Negro in his place." They clearly don't want Home Rule, don't dare to say so openly, but impede it by insisting on reforms at least two of which would require amendments to the U.S. Constitution and therefore haven't the ghost of a chance of being adopted. Other Washingtonians feel quite keenly that democracy gets lost in the shuffle.

WILFRID PARSONS

UNDERSCORINGS

Skirmishing on the Church-State front continues. The Reading, Pa., Board of School Directors rejected a petition of the Gideons that they be allowed to give New Testaments to the pupils. City Solicitor John S. Rhoda advised the board that distribution of the Testaments would not seem illegal because the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania makes reading of the Bible mandatory in the public schools. However, he recommended that permission be refused because of recent U.S. Supreme Court decisions.

► The first postwar International Eucharistic Congress will be held at Barcelona, Spain, in early 1952.

► Commenting on the resignation last year of ailing Archbishop Joseph Charbonneau of Montreal, the *Christian Century*, nondenominational Protestant weekly, editorialized: "Big business knows its way to the Vatican. So now the archbishop is out, the bishop [Most Rev. Philip S. Desranleau of Sherbrooke, Que.] may follow and the rest of Canada's clergy can ponder the implications of what has happened." On March 3 Pope Pius XII raised Sherbrooke to an archdiocese. The archbishop? The Most Rev. Philip S. Desranleau. No pondering has been reported.

► A twelvefold increase in the Catholic population of Africa during the last half century is reported by Fides News Service. In 1900 there were 1.2 million Catholics, mostly European immigrants living on the Mediterranean coast. Today there are 14 million, most of them native Africans, chiefly concentrated in Central Africa. At the opening of the century there were 1,735 priests on the Dark Continent. Today there are 9,402 with 1,178 seminarians in 30 major seminaries.

► Prophecies about the political future of the world attributed to Therese Neumann, the stigmatic of Konnersreuth, Germany, were termed "an outright falsehood" by Therese herself in a NCWC interview. Similar prophecies attributed to Padre Pio, the Italian stigmatic, were recently branded spurious by his Franciscan Superiors.

► Rev. Philip E. Dobson, S.J., director of St. Peter's College Institute of Industrial Relations, Jersey City, N. J., was appointed by Mayor John V. Kenny on March 5 chairman of a three-man citizens' committee to investigate violence on the city's waterfront. A recent bombing and shooting occasioned the investigation.

► Sen. James E. Murray (D., Mont.), chairman, Committee on Labor and Public Welfare, has introduced a second Federal-aid-to-education bill (cf. AM. 3/10, p. 660). It would appropriate \$300 million to increase the salaries of teachers in the public schools. This is part of the American Federation of Teachers' program.

► Beatification ceremonies of Pope Pius X, who died in 1914, are scheduled for June 3.

E. D.

Can they stop Gromyko?

The Politburo must be proud these days of its young protégé, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister Andrei A. Gromyko. Reports from the Paris meeting of the Big Four deputies which convened March 5 to arrange the agenda for a possible Foreign Ministers' conference, show him running true to form. Once again we hear of his dogged insistence on the letter of the law which his own country openly violates whenever the occasion suits. His bland reiteration of the most outlandish charges, no matter how often refuted; his uncanny ability to argue interminably, with an air of intense conviction, within the strait limits imposed on him from above; his quickness at seizing opportunities for propaganda attacks even in conferences on procedure—that's Gromyko.

Theoretically, the deputies are to select the topics for discussion later by the Foreign Ministers and to agree on their wording and order of discussion. It was understood, supposedly, that they would not discuss the substantive issues involved. In fact, in its note of January 2, the Soviet Union told the three other Powers:

It stands to reason that the examination of the problems which have to be discussed at the session of the four Foreign Ministers itself will not constitute the task of such preliminary discussions.

(Unless, of course, our smart young mouthpiece thinks he can get away with it.)

The first day's session was devoted to the presentation of suggested topics. The Three Powers wanted: 1) an examination of the causes of present international tensions in Europe and the means of improving relations; 2) completion of the Austrian treaty; 3) discussion of ways to re-establish German unity and to arrange for a German peace treaty. The USSR wanted: 1) discussion of the fulfilling of the Potsdam Agreements on the demilitarization of Germany and the prohibition of its remilitarization; 2) discussion of a German peace treaty and subsequent withdrawal of occupation forces; 3) discussion of ways of improving the situation in Europe and immediate reduction of the Big Four's armed forces.

Within twenty-four hours Mr. Gromyko had provided new proof for the contention of many that honest and above-board negotiation with the Soviets is impossible. The deputies had agreed on the first day not to release the texts of their remarks. That very evening Mr. Gromyko brazenly released part of the propaganda speech he had made. The next day he launched into another tirade. Including translations, Mr. Gromyko's second effort lasted more than an hour and a half.

The Soviet three-point agenda is as embarrassing to the Allies as it is attractive to the Germans of East and West alike. While the formal Russian points do not include unification of Germany after free elections, they do offer an early peace treaty, withdrawal of occupation forces, and a neutralized, demilitarized Germany. However much the other deputies may in-

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sist that neither withdrawal nor demilitarization can be considered apart from the menacing size and posture of the Soviet and satellite forces, the disagreeable fact remains that Mr. Gromyko has already won a psychological advantage by offering more to the Germans than has our side, and by at least hinting at free general elections.

He stands to win an even more valuable procedural advantage when negotiations begin on the order of the agenda. The first item Russia formally proposed for the Foreign Ministers was the fulfillment of the Potsdam Agreements. The Allies will insist that frequent violation by the Soviets has nullified that agreement. Gromyko may be expected to insist on the letter of the law. We hope his less skillful opposites can dislodge the slick Soviet diplomat from his coign of righteousness.

President's Loyalty Review Board

Several correspondents have taken exception to the reply AMERICA's Editor-in-Chief made to a letter criticizing a portion of his article on "U. S. foreign policy: 1945-50" (AM. 2/17, "Correspondence"). One of these more recent communications is published in this issue, under the title "Rooting out Reds."

In a democracy, the people cannot properly perform their function of exercising popular control over their government unless they keep themselves well informed. The best we human beings can do in discussing most public issues is to have an informed and reasonable opinion. Public issues rarely admit of absolute certainty. That's why we use the term "public opinion." Different persons will therefore make different judgments about the same set of facts. We all have some obligation, however, if we are going to discuss public issues, especially in print, to do what we can to learn the ascertainable facts.

In regard to the President's Loyalty Review Board, for example, to imply that it has not "rooted out" any Reds contradicts ascertainable facts. The Board reported on January 15 that since 1947, when it was set up, it has questioned the loyalty of 13,842 Government employees, getting reports on them from the FBI and other investigating agencies. Of these, 2,877 have resigned on learning that their loyalty was being looked into. A total of 294 have actually been discharged on loyalty grounds. Our correspondent asks: "But did they 'root out Reds'?" The answer is, "yes."

The Board cleared William W. Remington, former Government economist. On February 7 he was found guilty by a Federal grand jury in New York of having perjured himself when he denied under oath that he had ever been a member of the Communist party. The Remington case is therefore being cited as Exhibit A to prove how lax the Loyalty Board has been.

What are the facts? Remington was convicted because the grand jury thought it had evidence proving that he had been a Communist in 1937, and possibly up until 1943. The Loyalty Board cleared him because it had no evidence to prove him "disloyal" as of February, 1949. There is no contradiction whatsoever in the two findings.

As Arthur Krock has taken pains to point out several times of late in the *New York Times*, the Loyalty Board was set up in 1947 by Executive Order No. 9835. According to the terms of that Order, the Board was to ascertain whether a Government employe, or an applicant for Government employment, was "loyal" at the time of the Board's investigation. It was not allowed to dig up a person's past history. The Board found no evidence of Remington's disloyalty in 1948-49. Neither did the Federal grand jury.

Quite possibly President Truman's Executive Order establishing the Loyalty Board was at fault. Those who do not hesitate to say so might well recall, however, that the requirement of a non-Communist oath in the Taft-Hartley Act, also dating from 1947, follows the same line. If the Executive Order proves that Mr. Truman has been "soft" toward Communists, the Taft-Hartley Act proves the same charge against Senator Taft and all the members of the Republican-controlled 80th Congress which adopted it. What is much more likely, of course, is that neither found quite the right formula for dealing with a rather delicate question.

The Senate has itself set up a new Subversive Activities Control Board to oversee the operations of the McCarran Act. The President has appointed Seth W. Richardson, former chairman of his Loyalty Board, to head the new agency. The Senate has not yet confirmed the appointment of any of the members of the new Board. Mr. Richardson's record and the question of the kind of rules his Loyalty Board worked under are therefore sure to be given a fuller airing in the near future.

Labor's walkout

Now that the editorial hysteria over labor's intemperate break with Charles E. Wilson's mobilization set-up has begun to die down, observers can see this regrettable incident in better perspective. The labor leaders, gathered in the United Labor Policy Committee, revolted against the Government's anti-inflationary program because, as elective union officials, they had no other choice. With keen insight, Walter Lippmann explained this in his syndicated column for March 6:

This is the heart of their grievance: that they

have been caught in a kind of squeeze. They will be expected for patriotic reasons to enforce the wage ceilings on their own followers while no one will be able to enforce price ceilings. They see themselves assigned the job of stabilizing union labor—and being pilloried before the public if they do not prevent strikes and wage increases—while nobody is in fact stabilizing the cost of living in the 200,000 stores where wage earners and others go shopping.

Mr. Lippmann concedes that the Committee's complaint—"wages are frozen, nothing else in the economy has been frozen"—is, if not literally accurate, substantially true." Two recent directives of the Office of Price Stabilization show why this is so.

On February 27, OPS issued its long-awaited order on pricing rules for retailers. Affecting approximately seventy per cent of non-food sales, Ceiling Price Regulation No. 7 (CPR-7) permits percentage mark-ups based on average margins prevailing on February 24. Unless there is a sharp rise in overhead costs, this ruling has the obvious effect of giving retailers a sort of profit escalator. Suppose a retailer's average mark-up is 75 per cent. On an item costing him \$4, his selling price would be \$7. If his wholesaler raises the price to \$5, the retailer is now legally allowed to sell at \$8.75. His \$3 margin on the \$4 article becomes \$3.75 on the \$5 article. The higher the cost to him, the greater becomes his profit.

Though Price Stabilizer DiSalle hopefully expects CPR-7, which takes effect March 29, to lead to some rollbacks, the general result will be to raise prices to consumers. It is significant that retailers appear to have accepted the regulation not merely with relief but even with satisfaction.

A few days after CPR-7 appeared, Mr. DiSalle set a ceiling price of 45.76 cents a pound on raw cotton. That figure is 40 per cent over the pre-Korean level and 125 per cent of parity. It has been equaled or exceeded in only five months of the past twenty-five crop years. (Even so, cotton Congressmen excoriated OPS for setting any ceiling price at all, called the regulation stupid and predicted it wouldn't work.) The effect of this order, together with the soaring price of wool, makes it certain that the five or six per cent increase in the cost of living which Mr. DiSalle foresees as coming next summer will be with us on schedule.

Under these circumstances, labor leaders could not afford to be placed in a position where they seemed to approve stabilized wages. To the rank and file that would have looked like a betrayal of trust. As a minimum demand, they had to insist on retaining escalator clauses in present contracts and on a large enough "catch-up" wage formula to cover prospective increases in living costs, as well as those which have already occurred. Now that Economic Stabilizer Eric Johnston has moved closer to the labor position, it appears that edgy tempers and personality clashes are the main obstacle to a reconciliation. Perhaps time will take care of these impediments, too.

Electoral crisis in France

Robert C. Hartnett

THE SEVENTH CABINET GOVERNMENT France has had since the last national elections of November 10, 1946—that of René Pleven—quit on February 28. The immediate occasion of the fall of the Pleven Government was the failure of the “Third Force” coalition supporting it to agree on a new electoral law.

Montesquieu once said that a government should fit a people like a suit of clothes. Some sixteen French political parties have been trying to tailor the electoral law to their individual party interests. A measure of agreement was reached, but not enough. As a result, the French (at the time of writing) are again without a government.

Even if the present electoral crisis is surmounted, the next general elections may precipitate a still more serious impasse. Let's see what has happened in French politics during the past five years to make a change in the electoral law necessary and to bring about such a potentially dangerous crisis in the nation's politics.

LIBERATION: THE LEFT-WING COALITION

General Charles de Gaulle became sole President of the French Committee of National Liberation on November 6, 1943. On June 3, 1944 this Committee assumed the title of the Provisional Government of the French Republic. Three months later it installed itself in Paris behind the protection of advancing Allied armies. The Provisional Consultative Assembly also moved from Algiers to the French capital. To stabilize the political situation, this Provisional Government, under de Gaulle, held municipal elections in April and May, 1945, and cantonal elections in September. The results of these local elections, the first free expression of political opinion in liberated France, proved that the country had swung far towards the left.

It was the national elections of October 21, 1945, however, the first since 1936, which showed how far left the pendulum had swung. The Communists won 159 seats, the Popular Republicans (MRP) 150 seats, and the Socialists 146. These three parties—all well left of center—polled 75 per cent of the very heavy vote. General de Gaulle decided to resign as President of the Provisional Government on January 20, 1946.

The MRP (*Mouvement Republicain Populaire*) was a new party, born of the Resistance. It was descended from the pre-war *Parti Démocrate Populaire*, but emerged from the Resistance with what the French would call a fresh *mystique* or set of ideals. These were Christian Democratic in substance; in fact, MRP was considered to be, to a considerable extent, a Cath-

The political spotlight will be on France this year. AMERICA'S Editor-in-Chief has summarized the major transformations which French politics have undergone since Liberation, in order to provide background information, not only for the present electoral crisis, but for the later national elections.

olic party, though it refrained from using even the word “Christian” in its title. It was considered “leftist” in policy because it adapted Catholic social teaching to the emergency situation in which French Catholics found themselves. It included many of de Gaulle's adherents, and even derived support from conservatives who believed in its spiritual mission, especially as opposed to communism. Among MRP's leaders were Georges Bidault, Robert Schuman, Maurice Schumann and P. H. Teitgen.

The *Socialists*, of course, were an old French party. Originally Marxist and traditionally anticlerical, the Socialist party derived fresh strength from its record as part of the Resistance Movement. Among its leaders—Léon Blum, Guy Mollet, Daniel Mayer, Jules Moch and others—it had men of proven ability.

The *Communists* had existed as a party in pre-war France, but had been dissolved by the Government in September, 1939. The CP went underground and, after Hitler invaded Russia, exploited the opportunity of the Resistance Movement to regain prestige. By emphasizing the “democratic” and “national” character of the party after liberation, the CP, capitalizing on the prestige of the USSR and on its own vigorous leadership, won over many workers and even peasants. Maurice Thorez and Jacques Duclos were the outstanding leaders in the party.

The “great” party of the Third Republic had been the *Radical Socialist*. It was always supposed to be the classic “liberal” party of the middle class, the champions of the ideology of the French Revolution of 1789. Traditionally, it attracted farmers and businessmen. Despite its name, the Radical Socialist party emerged from war almost as a defender of the *ancien régime*. The names of its leaders—Edouard Herriot, Edouard Daladier, René Mayer and others—had been very prominent in pre-war governments.

Then there were the *Independent Republicans*, a small “right of center” group which depended mostly on the strength of individual personalities such as Paul Reynaud for the influence it exercised. The *Republican Party of Liberty* (PRL) was a coalition formed on December 22, 1945 of four smaller rightist parties.

There were, of course, a number of other small parties, but these six were the most prominent in the days immediately following liberation. And the most significant result of the October 21, 1945 general elections was that the three left-wing parties outpolled the three right wing parties three to one. The Constituent Assembly—so called because it had to frame a new constitution—was, accordingly, strongly leftist.

This uneasy coalition of Communists, Socialists and Popular Republicans governed France for the next sixteen months. Their unity was endangered in the national plebiscite on the Cot constitution, May 5, 1946, when the MRP broke with the Communists to defeat the latter's effort to have France adopt a left-wing constitution. The Socialists divided on this issue and the Cot constitution failed of popular ratification. Then general elections for the Second Consultative Assembly were held on June 2, 1946. The Socialists, having lost 17 seats to MRP in these elections, withdrew from the Cabinet.

The left-wing coalition reunited to approve, in September, 1946, a revised constitution for submission to popular ratification. The Communists were driven into supporting this compromise draft as a result of de Gaulle's blast against it. This new constitution, the one under which France is presently governed, was approved by the voters on October 13, 1946.

On November 10 general elections were held under this new constitution of the Fourth Republic to choose deputies for the present National Assembly. The Socialists again lost—over 20 seats, this time—but to the Communists instead of to MRP. The Popular Republicans (MRP) took 173 seats, but the Communists' total rose to 183, not very far from twice the total of the Socialists (104). The Radical Socialists increased their bloc, but only to 43. The Republican Party of Liberty (PRL) took 38, the Independent Republicans 28, the Democratic and Socialist Union (UDSR) 27, and others 23, to round out the total of 621.

The combined strength of the left-wing coalition remained about the same, but the Communists were now out in front. The Socialists, who had formed the link between the CP and MRP, were weakening badly. This turn of events sharpened the inevitable antagonism between the Popular Republicans and the Communists. Each refused to enter a coalition with the other, mostly because the Communists demanded the Ministries of National Defense and Agriculture.

"THIRD FORCE" AND DE GAULLE

By the end of 1946, after the November 10 general elections, this much was obvious: France could no longer be governed by the Resistance-born coalition of the three parties of the left. Léon Blum, Socialist elder statesman, emerged from retirement to try to patch together a new coalition to preside over the final days of the Provisional Government. He failed to form a coalition, not only because of hostility between the MRP and the Communists, but because the latter refused to agree to participation by the composite Republican Party of Liberty. The best Blum could do was set up a one-party Socialist Cabinet.

One month later, on January 21, 1947, this politically unsatisfactory solution gave way to the coalition Gov-

ernment of Paul Ramadier (Socialist), which included Radical Socialists and members of UDSR, as well as members of the three major left-wing parties. Then prices began to rise again. Serious strikes broke out. The CP decided to support the strikers. On May 4, 1947 the Communists in Parliament, although they were part of his Government, turned against Ramadier on a vote of confidence. So he ousted them from his Cabinet. This decision to proceed without Communists was supported by the Socialists. On May 6 the Socialist National Council, reversing its previous position, decided to cooperate in a government which excluded Communists.

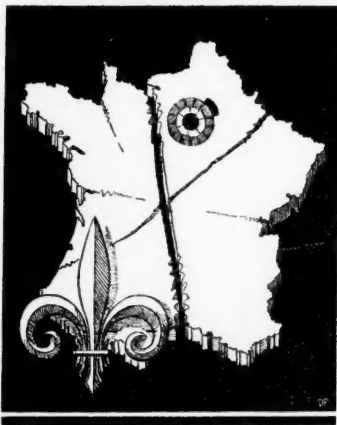
General de Gaulle meanwhile had denounced Communist participation in the government. On April 14 he had announced that he would lead a movement to be called *Rassemblement du Peuple Français*. In elections to municipal councils held on October 19, 1947 de Gaulle's RPF polled 33.1 per cent of the total vote, compared with the CP's 30.6 per cent. Despite their high popular vote, the Communists lost over 6,000 seats in these local elections, and many mayoralties. A year later, de Gaulle's followers showed even greater strength: on November 7, 1948 they elected 40 per cent of the members of the Council of the Republic, the upper house in Parliament

under the new Constitution. This Council votes with the Assembly in electing the President. But as Vincent Auriol had been chosen President of France by joint vote on January 16, 1947, for a term of seven years, de Gaulle's 1948 victory in the Council had no effect on his election.

The period between the municipal elections of October, 1947 and the elections to the Council of the Republic in November, 1948 saw the tensions between the Cominform nations of the East and the democratic nations of the West sharpen to an alarming degree. Soviet pressure on Greece and Turkey mounted so high that the President of the United States proclaimed the Truman Doctrine. During that period Communist opposition to the Marshall Plan, the turning point in the postwar world, was mobilized. The Atlantic Pact began to take shape.

In France, as in other nations, the issues became clear-cut: Communist imperialism versus democratic freedom. The Communist party isolated itself on the extreme left as an instrument of Kremlin imperialism. De Gaulle's RPF emerged as a very formidable force in French politics. Considered, whether with justice or not, too authoritarian by the centrist coalition, de Gaulle was isolated on the right wing.

In the face of growing de Gaullist strength, the Ramadier Government was again reorganized on October 22, 1947, on the basis of the "Third Force." This was an attempt to combine the strength of both anti-Communist and anti-de Gaullist forces. Ever since



May, 1947, the Communists have been excluded from French Cabinets; the Independent Republicans and members of even smaller parties regarded as sufficiently "centrist" have been included. So the "Third Force" consists of a "Moderate" coalition of MRP, Socialists, UDSR, Radical Socialists, Independent Republicans and smaller parties.

THE ELECTORAL ISSUE

This "Third Force" has governed France from October 22, 1947 until now, through a succession of no less than seven Cabinets. That a country as great as France should have had only patchwork governments during the past three and a half years—years of continuously uphill effort to overcome frightening problems—is one of the wonders of our age. That France has succeeded as well as she has under such governments is even more remarkable. But this system could not last, certainly not in a democracy—the only form of government under which it could have happened in the first place. The reason is simple: France cannot continue to exclude from its Cabinets de Gaulle's RPF, representing maybe a third or more of the electorate, and the Communists, representing (allowing for recent declines in voting strength) perhaps 20 per cent of the voters. One or the other must be included to give the cabinet a sufficiently broad base, and it cannot be the Communists.

Moreover, France has not held general elections since November 10, 1946, five years ago this fall. Its National Assembly no longer reflects the political convictions of its people. The electoral law under which France has operated (The Organic Law of October 5, 1946), besides stipulating the *method* of electing deputies to the National Assembly, requires national elections every five years. So they will have to be held this year.

The electoral crisis which has brought the Pleven regime down revolves around proposed changes in the method of election to the National Assembly. The present law calls for *proportional representation*. Under that method, the de Gaullists would elect the highest number of deputies, and the Communists the next highest. As a result, the two big blocs would be the de Gaullist and the Communist, with the rest widely scattered among "Third Force" parties, *which would become a minority group*. So long as the "Third Force" parties refuse to collaborate with either the Communists or the de Gaullists—and these two, of course, cannot collaborate—France would be left without a governing majority.

To avert this calamity, the Radical Socialists, together with a number of other groups, including the Socialists, want to restore the *double-ballot* system used in pre-war France. It requires a simple majority on the first ballot to win an election. Because so many parties have candidates, very many candidates fail to get a simple majority of votes. So "run-off" elections are held. These give the smaller parties time to combine forces and thus outpoll the larger parties in the

second round of elections. The older parties are old hands at this sort of maneuvering between polls.

The reason the Pleven cabinet fell was that MRP *refused to play this game*. It had everything to lose. The old anti-clerical parties would combine to shoulder out MRP's candidates in the run-offs. Though MRP's following has been thinned out, largely by defections to de Gaulle, it could achieve its maximum of success under proportional representation. But so could the Communists and de Gaullists. MRP could elect a sizable number of deputies under a straight-ballot plurality system, such as we use in this country. The Socialists, too, since they are still one of the larger parties, would accept this alternative. But not the many older, and now much smaller, parties.

This is the great tragedy of France: those who could reach a tolerable agreement on social and political policies are hopelessly divided on religion. Those united on religion (MRP and de Gaulle) seem to be divided on social and political policies. The problem is therefore much deeper than one of finding a "convenient" electoral law. It is that of finding enough agreement on national policies—social, political *and* religious—to provide France with a governing majority.

A Sister studies journalism

Sister Mary Gilbert

"WERE YOU BORN A SISTER or did you become one?" the Chinese graduate assistant asked.

Fantastic as the question sounds, it's no more so than dozens of others asked of a nun during a year on a State university campus. And if she happens to be that even greater oddity, a nun in journalism, she may as well set aside a daily question-and-answer period.

Once she has convinced the journalism students that she isn't getting ready to edit the diocesan newspaper or teach at Notre Dame, she still faces the problem of making a few other items clear.

Nor should she lament the time given to such activity. Christ commissioned the apostles to go forth and teach all nations. Perhaps He is even a bit more insistent in this age of mass communication that His disciples use every means at their disposal to spread the gospel. With the whole world becoming increasingly public-relations minded, it would be unfortunate, indeed, if Catholics neglected the simplest and most ordinary opportunities to teach.

These opportunities are inherent in the very fact of being Catholics. Whether we like it or not, we

Sister Mary Gilbert teaches in Holy Names College, Spokane, Wash.

Catholics, both lay and religious, have contacts with the public. It's up to us to see that these dealings become the fruitful source of apostolic activity they can be.

In this connection, there are two attitudes to avoid: the "clamshell" technique, which discourages all inquiry on the part of outsiders, and the "slot machine" response, which winds off reels of unsolicited information on the slightest show of interest. Between these undesirable extremes, there is room for the true apostle—the person who is eager to carry Christ into the marketplace.

An example will illustrate the need for this sort of "teaching."

A boy had asked my reason for studying journalism. I explained that I was preparing to teach newswriting in college.

"I'm going to be either at Marylhurst or in Spokane," I told him, mentioning our two colleges in the province.

His eyes brightened with understanding.

"Spokane," he repeated with pleased recognition. "That's Gonzaga University."

"No," I corrected him. "The Jesuits have Gonzaga."

"They have?" he queried with polite skepticism. "I always thought the Catholics did."

To the cradle Catholic, and even to the well-informed outsider, this sounds like rank ignorance. But it reveals the unfamiliarity of thousands with the commonplaces of Catholicism.

For purposes of discussion, puzzled non-Catholics may be divided into two classes. There are those who have read just enough of Thomas Merton to wonder whether you rise at 2 A. M. and those whose only information about nuns has been gleaned from *Come to the Stable*.

The former are surprised, even mildly shocked, when you talk to them on the bus or write a whimsical bit for the campus daily. They carefully translate all mundane matters so that you'll know what they're talking about. "A Tom and Jerry," they tell you solicitously, "is a drink." You are expected to open your eyes wide with newly acquired wisdom.

Those in the second class think your life is beautifully picturesque and they ask somewhat knowingly about the way you spend your time when you aren't driving jeeps or playing tennis. They're glad to know that you really are human (the movie clinched that), and they feel right at home with you now.

"Would you like a ride home?" one of them asks. "I'm not afraid of you any more since I saw that show."

And no wonder that many are afraid. Lacking any clear notion of "religious etiquette," even so simple a matter as names can be a perennial source of problems. Personally, I must admit that I didn't even suspect the confusion that could arise from this routine

matter until I had undergone a series of "Ma'am's" and "Young lady's," and sundry other forms of address from bewildered professors who weren't quite sure of the distinction between a nun and a co-ed in polite conversation.

Anyone familiar with the almost alarming variety of saints' names would agree that "Sister Mary Gilbert" sounds quite simple. Yet my first invitation to a reception tea was addressed "Miss Mary G. Sister." A quick check showed that the campus directory was to blame.

But my title was not always so formal. There was, for example, the day the campus newspaper headlined, "Article by Gilbert Printed in Journal." Most of the students settled for "Sister Mary," the obvious choice for anyone who felt better acquainted than the average. Little did they know that we had more than 600 "Sister Mary's" in the province.

When the name problem seemed most laughable, I confided my amusement to one young man who appeared better informed than his fellows. Somehow his mirth was unconvincing.

"You're a Sister of the Holy Names, aren't you?" he questioned.

Again, I felt that I was dealing with an expert.

"Yes, that's right," I agreed.

"Well, I know that Gilbert is a holy name, but is Mary a holy name, too?"

Another lad was solicitous about my future.

"Are you sure of a job for next year?" he asked with friendly interest.

"Oh yes," I assured him with an unsuccessful attempt at muffling a smile. "That's one thing we never have to worry about."

The time seemed ripe for a little instruction. A few simple words about the vow of poverty. The community takes care of us. We give ourselves to the community.

My friend nodded his understanding. "I see," he smiled pleasantly. "But tell me one more thing. Do your mother and father and your folks belong to the order, too?"

At this point, I began to wonder what several centuries have taught the world about religious life and what I could do to dispel the prevailing ignorance on matters Catholic. Soon afterwards, a chance conversation emphasized the need.

A retired Methodist minister was taking the same magazine-writing course in which I was enrolled. Since all the instruction was by private conferences, curiosity impelled us to compare notes at intervals. As we became better acquainted, the minister confided to me that the real trouble with the modern world is that it fails to accept Christ's teaching. He advocated pooling our differences and "getting together" to make Christianity work.



To show that that was possible, he cited his army chaplaincy and his congenial relationship with the Catholic priest who shared an office with him.

"He was a wonderful fellow," the minister recalled.

"Was he a Jesuit?" I inquired innocently.

"Oh no, no," came the hasty and slightly impatient answer. "I don't have much use for the Jesuits. They're more on the *political* side, you know."

I chided him for having been frightened by the old bogey and suggested that he ought to get a little information not derived from second-rate history textbooks.

He tried to appear convinced, but without success.

"Now there's a chance for you to help clear something up in your writing," he challenged.

The challenge persists. Since my attendance at the university was a matter of obedience and not of personal choice, I cannot help thinking that God designed it for some good. In His sight, I am responsible for using the knowledge acquired there—not mere academic knowledge, but a deepened understanding of those outside the fold. So many of them are searching for truth, and we cannot sit smugly by and censure them because they lack the God-given virtue of faith. Perhaps He is even now waiting to bestow it through our instrumentality.

Neither can it be said that these examples of current ignorance are atypical. They represent the tenor of thought among a sizeable number of State university students whose contacts with Catholics are somewhat restricted. And the blame for this lack of information does not rest wholly on the misinformed. Some of it, at least, must be laid at the doors of apathetic Catholics.

That there is a widespread interest in things Catholic has been proved by the tremendous popular appeal of such works as *The Seven Storey Mountain*, *The Cardinal*, *Why I Know There Is a God* and others. At least three metropolitan newspapers have recently used articles depicting life in the cloister. Now and then the treatment may verge on the sensational. But very often these accounts are characterized by solid writing and sympathetic interpretation. They reach readers who seldom, if ever, see Catholic periodicals.

This points up a need in the writing field. Important as it is to develop a source of supply for the Catholic press, it is equally imperative that Catholic writers contribute to secular publications. These authors have the basic soundness of philosophy and the personal conviction that give strength and purpose to the written word. This is not to imply that one may substitute routine pieties for literary excellence, but the good Catholic surely should be able to bring to writing a certain richness of spirit.

At this point, a barrage of objection probably is in order. I shall be told that there really is no place in secular publications for the tellers of truth; that there is a conspiracy of silence calculated to exclude matter which might react favorably on the Church's prospects; that readers are interested only in those notions

about the Church which support their preconceived prejudices and suspicions.

And to all these charges, I answer that it is precisely this spirit of suspicion and defeatism which cripples the power of Catholic writers to do good. Being on the defensive is a poor approach to winning either editorial or reader acceptance. If, instead, we were to adopt a positive attitude; if we studied the writing craft assiduously, so that our conviction might reach the reader through the most perfect instrument possible, we might achieve better results. Incompetence cannot be condoned in a writer just because he happens to elect a noble theme. In fact, the nobler the theme, the greater the demands it makes on his artistic skill. The better Catholic periodicals recognize this fact and try, through careful editing, to elevate the standard of writing.

I know that I shall be called naive and unrealistic. But isn't it better to assume that people are open-minded and so win at least a limited hearing than to withdraw into the narrow prison of the self-made martyr and rend the air with gloomy lamentations? If only one person responds to a Christlike approach—an approach which ultimately is based on love—something worth while has been accomplished.

The spirit of Maryhouse

Joseph E. Aberwald

"CAN WE GO TO BED now?" the little girl asked. With all the things to see at Maryfarm, this request to go to bed was a complete surprise to the women who have charge of the farm. It was difficult to imagine active little girls wanting to go to bed in the middle of the afternoon. But the women promised that after the children had seen the farm and after they had had supper they could go to bed. "You see," one of the little girls confided, "none of us has ever slept all alone in a bed, and we want to so much."

Maryhouse and Maryfarm have introduced many wonderful new things to the Negro poor of Minneapolis. Since 1944, a group of nine lay women, with Maryhouse as their center of operations, have been generously doling out food, clothing and other necessities to needy Negroes. Their good example and spiritual help are bringing new hope to countless families, and Minneapolis police are amazed at the sudden decrease of crime in what was formerly considered a rough district.

Maryhouse is across the tracks in a worn-out part

Joseph E. Aberwald is an assistant editor of the Catholic Digest.

of town. Its address is 2024 16th Ave. South, in the midst of several blocks of half-century-old two-story homes. The house certainly wasn't built for comfort, with only a few feet of front lawn, a paltry few beaten shrubs, crowded on a small lot.

Maryhouse was started in 1944. The idea for it came to three young women after a Day of Recollection at St. Leonard's, a parish among Negro people in Minneapolis. They left their jobs, one at a defense plant, another at an office and the third in a schoolroom, and went out begging. They decided to help the Negro poor, and the best way was to move into St. Leonard's parish. They agreed among themselves to take private, simple vows of poverty, chastity and obedience for a year. (Any lay Catholic, with the advice of his confessor, may take these private vows.) They pooled their resources and bought Maryhouse. Moving in, they scrubbed, painted and furnished the home.

After attending to a few of their own needs, they started out in earnest, calling on 500 Negro families, of which three were practising Catholics. Doggedly, they visited. The overworked housewife was given a hand, undernourished children were given bread, misled prostitutes found someone to talk with. Gradually, Maryhouse and its workers became known.

Perseverance paid. Several of the families have returned to their religion. Many individuals have come to the girls for instructions, and a path is paved for them to see a priest.

It was through their work with the children that the women realized what they could accomplish. Through these little ones, they gradually warmed the hearts of the adults. As one old colored woman said: "You're the first ones that have told us anything about Catholics. A lot of folks that did come to see us talked about how awful Catholics were. It's good when we can see you, when we can see how nice you are to us and our little ones."

As word of the work of the three young women spread, other girls wanted to join the group. Mildred, for instance, had always wanted to be a catechist. She found a particular delight in working with Negro children. Maryhouse was just what she wanted.

Marian, Margaret and Jane are usually home in Maryhouse. They point with pride to the small living-room where classes are held for the Negro children and where spiritual help is given freely to adults who ask for it. In this small room, eighty boys and girls crowded around the Christmas tree last year. They laughed, sang and prayed. And there were gifts for many kids who didn't get any at home.

The garage is the distribution center for old clothes. Piled on shelves are shoes, sweaters, jackets and other clothing items. Hanging neatly on racks are dresses, suits and coats. Nearly fifty families a week are helped, not only with clothing gifts, but with orders for fuel, for medicine and for food.

At first the girls had to limit what they gave, as most of the expense for items like medicine and coal came from their own diminishing bank accounts. Then

they bought Maryfarm to help with the food supply and, through God's goodness, small unexpected checks began to come in the mail. With this money they help the more destitute. The women themselves wear the cast-off clothes that are given to them.

A visit to Maryhouse isn't complete unless you travel the twelve miles to Maryfarm—the place that Dorothy Day called a little bit of heaven. At present, the farm looks just that, but there were many doubts about it when it was first considered. The girls love to tell the story of its purchase.

When the ideal location was found, Dorothy contacted the real-estate agent. "We want to buy that Little Canada farm you advertise," she told him. "That's fine," he said. "It will be available in three months. Do you intend to pay cash for it?" "Oh yes," Dorothy said. "Swell. The price will be \$5,000." Dorothy took a deep breath. "We'll pay \$100 down and the rest when we move in." The agent looked skeptical: "Since you're going to pay cash anyway, why not make that \$500 down?" But Dorothy held her ground; the agent didn't know that \$100 was all the women had to their names.

As time to close the deal neared, Dorothy had accumulated less than \$1,000. All of this had come as gifts, and every known source had been tapped. "We didn't worry," Dorothy says now, "but we were a little anxious for God to lend a hand." Then, out of a clear sky, a huge gift for more than was needed came through the mail. Maryfarm was theirs.

When the exuberant women first moved to the farm, they looked it over doubtfully. Somehow it hadn't looked so bad when Dorothy first saw it. But, far from being downhearted, the girls said a prayer to Mary, telling her they wanted to make the farm look respectable for her sake, and asking if she would bear with them for a time. Then they took up hammers and nails, brushes and buckets, linoleum and plaster, and in a few months Maryfarm had been turned into a neat, well-built, year-round bungalow.

One thing is certain: the farm will continue to expand. Next year there will be more food for the needy families. Dorothy is used to the new tractor now, although she says she still repeats Hail Mary's for her safety when she's riding on a 45-degree slant. Mary isn't ticklish any more when the chickens peck bread crumbs from her hands. Lucille has become bold enough to milk Suzanna—in fact, she has learned to like the solemn old cow. But Isaac, the ram, is still the monarch of the farm.

Marie, Rose and Mildred are usually called upon for the outside work. They go to any parish that needs their help, and their assistance is almost always in demand. But their first love is Maryhouse. The story told of Rose typifies the lives of all of the girls. It seems that a young Negro housewife came for some clothing. She chose several pieces for her children, and when one of the Maryhouse girls asked her if there was anything she wanted for herself, she hesitatingly and shyly remarked that she had never had any pajamas in her life. Somewhat surprised, the girls

looked through their clothing supply, but no pajamas. Then Rose said "Wait here a minute." She rushed to the house, and came back with her own pajamas and presented them to the thankful colored woman. When the woman left, Rose was asked where she was going to get more pajamas. Her answer: "Well, if God wants me to have pajamas, He'll provide some." That afternoon, the first pajamas ever to arrive in clothing boxes were presented to Rose.

FEATURE "X"



Rev. Richard M. McKeon, S.J., director of the School of Industrial Relations, Le Moyne College, Syracuse, N. Y., visited Ireland in 1950 to study industry, farming, cooperatives and government projects.

FEW WOULD DENY to Eamon de Valera the title of "the greatest living Irishman." But who is the second greatest? This is a delicate question in a land where great men are not uncommon. I am bold enough to pick my candidate. His name is Patrick Gallagher. He is known to thousands, through his work and writings, as "Paddy the Cope."

Mr. Gallagher is a hardy, charming gentleman who is the leader of the cooperative movement in the Dungloe district of Donegal. With little formal education, but gifted with sound judgment and deep courage, he has fought for over forty years to put Christian social principles into action. The results can be seen in the security and contentment of the Dungloe people, who live, as George Russell ("AE") wrote, "in a country where the bones of the earth stick through its starved skin every few yards." Indeed, one cannot appreciate what this task has been unless he sees with his own eyes the barren, stony soil from which they have managed to wrest a living.

Donegal, where I went to meet Paddy the Cope, is the northwest corner of Ireland. Its rocky outcroppings give it a special, stern scenic charm. Disappointment awaited me at Dungloe, for Paddy was away on a trip. But his son, the assistant manager of the cooperative store, was most kind in showing me the main store and the other cooperative enterprises.

Fifty years ago the local people were continually in debt to the traders, or "gombeen men." These gombeen men formed a caste which exercised almost complete control over the sparse economy of the land. They dominated the courts and political offices. Against this opposition Paddy went into action, and won his first victory in 1906 with the establishment of the Templecrone Agricultural Cooperative Society.

Today the Templecrone co-op is flourishing, and has branched out. The main store with its many departments is a very busy place. Nearby is the knitting mill, where workers earn good wages, working under pleasant conditions. The bakery, serving a large area, is very modern. Other cooperative enterprises are an electric power plant to light the village, an ice plant, a furniture store, a mill for grain and a funeral society.

But these successful projects do not tell the full story of Paddy's inspiring leadership. Over the years several hundred men and women have been given steady work. Thousands more have been able to buy the necessities of life at a fair price. A new spirit of economic independence has been born. Nearly all the people in the district own their homes and little farms. Through such ownership man can realize more fully his dignity as a child of God. Certain luxuries may be missing. But the fear of the old landlord is gone. Children are better clothed and fed. Education is greatly improved. These people are proud of having conquered tremendous odds, and have courage and faith for new tasks ahead.

Finally in the beautiful seaport of Killibegs I overtook Paddy. He was having tea in the Cope Hotel, another of his enterprises. As soon as I was introduced, he went down on his knees for my blessing. Then began one of the most interesting conversations I have been privileged to share in. As Paddy warmed up, I was busy taking notes.

"So you are impressed by our humble work, Father?"

"Yes, Mr. Gallagher. Your book, *Paddy the Cope*, is one of the finest expositions of the need of the cooperative movement. Now I have witnessed some of the fruits of your efforts."

"Please call me Paddy, Father. Everybody does. As for the book, it was really a tribute to the people with whom I worked. Without their wonderful loyalty, failure would have crushed us at the start. Did you know a new edition of my book has been published?"

"Yes. Will it contain new matter?"

"I have added some new observations but there will be no substantial change. And now I may tell you a secret? I have discovered among my dear wife's belongings something I never dreamt existed. It seems that while I was keeping notes on the progress of the cooperatives, she also was writing down impressions of the struggles we faced together. It is now my hope that her notes be edited and I have suggested as the title, 'The Story Sally the Cope Left Behind Her.'"

Tears came to Paddy's eyes, for Sally had been his devoted wife for fifty years. Then he continued: "Please God, Father, I shall be seventy-eight years old this Christmas Eve. How I miss my dear wife. Long ago when skies were darkest and even the clergy were discouraging our efforts, I told Sally I was quitting and going to Scotland. She said, 'Paddy, you are a coward' and she walked out of the house. That stung me out of my worries and I have fought the good fight ever since."

Paddy had many reminiscences of his visits to Amer-

ica. He recalled how Neil MacNeil of the New York Times took him to the Dutch Treat Club. Somebody had been criticising the Irish for their neutrality during the war. This angered Paddy very much. When he was called upon to speak, he minced no words in telling his audience things the American press had hidden from the public.

"First of all, what about your neutrality before Pearl Harbor? Answer that. And do you know that about 250,000 Irish are serving in the British forces and industry? Our cattle, sheep and pigs are keeping the British alive. Men with Irish blood won eight Victoria Crosses before a single Britisher. And say nothing about Mr. de Valera. He is the greatest statesman of our generation." To all of this I nodded my sincere approval. Paddy went on.

"And do you know Mary Margaret McBride? Well, she invited me to be interviewed on the radio and I accepted, planning to say a few things about the cooperative movement in Ireland. Imagine my surprise when the good lady requested me to talk about something else. It seems that the owner of the station or the sponsor did not like cooperatives. He was interested in chain stores."

"And what did you do, Paddy?"

"I would not embarrass her, so I changed my tune a little bit. But I thought, Father, that some Americans like to interpret liberty from the angle that suits them best."

Paddy then jumped back to the days of "The Troubles." As he writes in his book: "From 1918 to 1921 I had a miserable time of it. The Black and Tans were worse than savages let loose. They were murdering, ravishing and burning." With pride in his smile he told me how he broke the blockade.

"At the advice of the merchants in Derry, the British military forbade the transportation of goods for northwest Donegal by rail. Thus they would starve us out. But I managed to charter a ship with the encouraging name of *Better Hope*. We loaded her with eggs at Burtonport. Then, with lights out, we slipped away and sailed for Glasgow. There the Scottish cooperative officials did all in their power to help us. They asked for no money, but loaded the ship with all necessities. And how they cursed the British politicians for their dirty tactics in trying to crush our people.

"Down the Clyde we sailed back, fearing that some British ship would stop us. But we reached Rutland Island in safety, and word was sent to our friends to be ready to help unload at Burtonport that night. What a wonderful reception we received, for we had broken the blockade. And mind you, Father, the Derry merchants have still to recover trade with our people. Years later, at a big cooperative conference, a prominent British businessman referred to this instance of Scottish assistance and exclaimed: 'There is the true humanity of the cooperative movement.'"

In the knitwear factory at Dungloe I had seen the picture of a priest hanging on the wall. I was told that he was Rev. Thomas A. Finlay, S.J., who had encour-

aged the cooperative movement in its most trying times. I asked Paddy to say a few words about him.

"Father Tom was our guiding light in the darkest days. To him we owe the fact that the cooperative kept going. Don't I remember too well when I was illegally sentenced to a month in Derry jail that the good Father left his well-deserved holiday in Cork and hurried to Dublin? There he persuaded the Lord Justices that conviction was illegal, and I was ordered released. When I returned to Dungloe, I was welcomed by a torchlight procession.

"I hear that your book, *Paddy the Cope*, is to be produced in moving pictures. Is that so?"

"Yes. I have released the rights to Michael Powell, the British producer."

"Did you lay down any conditions?"

"Only one. Positively there must be no stage Irish."

That answer pleased me exceedingly. I thought of all the stupid screen and stage atrocities depicting Irish life which had been inflicted on the American people. And the crudities presented by Irish-Americans on St. Patrick's Day. Here was this busy man of affairs, unlettered in the arts but loyal to his race, insisting that the best standards guide the producers of his book as a movie.

It was after ten o'clock when word came to Paddy that the catch of the cooperative fishing fleet had been packed in the lorry. At this late hour he was to ride back with his men from Killibegs to Dungloe, some thirty-odd miles away. There the fish would be preserved in ice till the market was high.

I am still waiting for the new edition of *Paddy the Cope*. To recommend it I shall repeat what Dorothy Canfield Fisher in her convincing way has written in her introduction to the first edition:

You won't find anywhere a more fascinating human story than this autobiography by a lively, devout, witty Irish country lad with a good head on his shoulders, who grows up from the blackest poverty and ignorance into a brainy man of sound, straight-fibred character, of superlative usefulness to his community.

Thanks to the inspiration, courage, and genius of Paddy the Cope there is new hope in the hearts and a more abundant life in the homes of many Irishmen. Where once there was want there is now security. The spirit of true freedom has supplanted that of serfdom. George Russell often paid tribute to Patrick Gallagher and his co-workers. I shall end by quoting the challenging words which AE once spoke for them:

We are living in a free country. It is up to us to win economic freedom and prosperity for ourselves. It is not manly to ask the Government, already overburdened with trouble and financial difficulties, to come to our rescue. We will feel a warm glow all our lives long if we get out of our troubles by our own unaided pluck and determination.

If the new Ireland continues to produce leaders like Paddy the Cope, its future is well assured.

RICHARD M. McKEON

Dublin letter

Gill, the Dublin publishers, have recently issued from their house in O'Connell Street an interesting reprint—a book of poems by Ethna Carbery, Seamus MacManus and Alice Milligan. The title is *We Sang for Ireland* and, although the matter takes the mind back vividly to the period before the Easter Rising of 1916, two of the poets are still alive: one in an Ulster town; one, part of the year in the United States and the rest of the year in a Donegal village. Ethna Carbery, who was the wife of Seamus MacManus, died young in 1902, and her grave is in County Donegal.

The first and one of the few literary pilgrimages in which I ever indulged was to that grave in the little village of Frosses, roughly on the road from Glenties to Donegal town. Frosses is, indeed, only half a village, for the life of the place goes on quietly on one side of the short street and on the other side is the church and an ancient graveyard. At the time of this pilgrimage I was a school boy under the spell of several of the slightly melancholy patriotic poems in Ethna Carbery's book, *The Four Winds of Erin*. I had first been sent searching for that book by some impressive quotations in William Bulfin's *Rambles in Erin*, which still remains one of the best travel books ever written about this country.

Bulfin quoted, as far as I remember, from the poem in which Shiela Ni Gara, a mythical personification of Ireland, prefers to all winds, warm and cold, wet and dry, the "black, black wind from the northern hills":

Said Shiela Ni Gara, "Tis a kind wind and a true
For it rustled oft through Aileach's halls and
stirred the hair of Hugh."

And he also quoted a verse from a poem that the husband of the poetess afterwards described as her own inspired death-lament.

The purple mountains guard her, the valley folds
her in,
In dreams I see her walking with angels, cleansed
of sin.

The purple mountains guard Frosses, and the valley folds it in, and with it the grave of Ethna Carbery, the daughter of a Fenian, who was one of Ireland's song-before-sunrise poets. The grave, with its Celtic Cross, is just inside the gate of the old churchyard and—quoting from memory—the inscription, in Irish and English, includes something like this: "In her country's cause and for her country's language, bravely she taught and nobly she sang. At God's footstool her bright soul now pleads for the dawning of the glorious day of the Gael."

Alice Milligan, who spent her childhood and girlhood in a Protestant rectory in Ulster, had worked in collaboration with Ethna Carbery on nationalist periodicals and on various literary projects. Oddly enough, another of my few literary pilgrimages was made in the company of a wonderful old priest, now dead, to the little village in the Tyrone mountains where Alice Milligan lived for many years in the old rectory. There was a heavenly silence about the place; the only sounds

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came from the brawling of a mountain burn, the faint cries of children around the distant village school, the birds chirping and hopping under the laurels, the bees in the lime trees.

Then the old priest—he was tall, stooped in the shoulders, his eyes kindly, his bony cheeks marked with little red veins—shattered the peace by swinging vigorously the heavy brass knocker, by calling and calling again "Alice, where art thou," until an old woman appeared, not in the doorway but around the corner of the house, smiling welcome and at the same time mildly reproving the noisy strangers. That was Alice Milligan; and believe me it was exciting for a boy reared in a country place to meet a woman who had done so much and written so much, who had walked and talked with Yeats, Colum, Maud Gonne MacBride, had examined druidic ruins in Glen Colmcille with William Bulfin, who had known the men who died in 1916.

Here in this new book the best of her poems are reprinted, including her fine ballad about the days of her girlhood, when she was taught by parents and nurse to regard the rebel Fenians as big black devils:

When I was a little girl
In a garden playing
A thing was often said
To chide us, delaying...

"Come in! for it's growing late,
And the grass will wet ye!
Come in! or when it's dark
The Fenians will get ye."

And later, tucked in their cots, the rectory children, heard terrible stories about the Fenians.

But one little rebel there,
Watching all with laughter,
Thought "when the Fenians come
I'll rise and go after."

And so she did, in God's good time.

The third poet in this book, who is responsible for the editing of the collection, is a big, grey-headed, grey-moustached, jacketed-in-green-corduroy man who is to be seen every summer anywhere between the Gresham Hotel in Dublin and the heavenly (both in height and beauty) village of Mountcharles in County Donegal. He will be remembered as the writer of such genial, kindly stories as *A Lad of the O'Friels* or for a volume of autobiography: *The Rocky Road to Dublin*.

As I put the finishing touches to this letter, news comes of the sudden death of Aodh (Hugh) de Blacam at the age of fifty-nine. For longer than most people here under thirty can remember he was one of the best-known figures in Irish journalism, and for seventeen years he contributed to the *Irish Press* a remarkably varied and erudite column signed by a mythical little fat man called "Roddy the Rover." He was also a Gaelic scholar, an authority on Spanish literature, an economist, a politician, a biographer of several Irish saints. His most notable work was his huge book, *Gaelic Literature Surveyed*.

M. J. MacManus, the literary editor of the *Irish Press*, writes: "Of the men with whom I have had an intimate acquaintance, none had such a striking array of talents as Aodh de Blacam. . . . As a journalist he was the most versatile I have known and the most industrious."

Irish journalism has suffered another great loss—and the present letter-writer the loss of a personal friend—through the death, in his thirties, of Tony Molloy, theatre critic and children's editor of the *Irish Press*. Tony, whose heart was with the young, had written several stories for boys, and when I last spoke to him before his sudden, fatal illness, he was in great glee because his latest book had been accepted for publication in the United States. *Ar dheis Dé go raibh a n-anam*. (May their souls be on God's right hand.)

BENEDICT KIELY

To a soldier turned Trappist

You who have faced the carnage on the span
Of sea and continent;
Who watched the blood-tide roll
On Okinawa, and the caravan
Of wounded, tainted with the charnel scent,
Drag from the line; who, victory-ensigned, ran
Over the waves in steel to Tokyo,
Where the pens scratched on the surrender scroll,
And peace rose white in Fujiyama's snow;
You who have felt the roar
Of inner war,
When the long-reared cathedral of belief
Shook on the battle reef;
Have now been stricken mute. . . .
From the Utahan hills you hear the lute
Of heavenly armistice, draining from your ear
The springs of fear;
And have no wish for talk,
But work and walk,
With the bald spaces of the air your crown,
And brethren slowly pacing down
The paths, their faces sacraments of sun,
The silent witnesses that you have won
Beyond surrender into benison.

DOUGLAS V. KANE

Five aspects of Judaism

Pilgrim People, by Anita Libman Lebeson (Harper, 624p. \$6), is a history of the Jews in the New World, from its discovery till today. One cannot call it distinguished historical writing, but it is full of good will; even where one does not agree with the author, her desire to be fair is evident. The style is often lively—too lively and dramatic, in fact, to be maintained as it is for long passages. Mrs. Lebeson first discusses the well-known question as to whether or not Columbus was a Jew, without coming, however, to any final conclusion. She also cites the opinions of those who believe that some of his crew were *conversos*. In any case, she dates the earliest pioneer settlement in Brazil at 1500, and speaks of Elias Legardo, the first Jew in Virginia, who arrived in 1621, and of Jacob Barsimson, who, for his debts, was sent to New Amsterdam in 1654. The narrative continues to our times, embellished throughout with excerpts from documents, with many anecdotes and personal touches, which make for entertaining reading. But in spite of its title, the book remains on a secular level.

In *Antisemitism in Modern France* (Rutgers University, 348p. \$5), Robert F. Byrnes paints a distressing picture of

French Socialist and Catholic circles prior to the Dreyfus affair, of the gullibility of men high-placed and low, who fell for the most absurd frauds and forgeries. The best tool of traders in anti-Semitism, or in any other group hostility, is that paranoid mentality which is eager to see plots and persecutions everywhere, which imagines itself ever surrounded by conspiracy and the world ever ruled by sinister secret forces. It was this mentality—not, of course, the exclusive possession of any one country, group or time—which made possible the operations of two fabulous imposters, Gabriel Jogand-Pagès, known as Léo Taxil, and Edouard Drumont.

Taxil made his first fortune as a writer and publisher of Masonic, occult and anti-Catholic literature—in one of his books he called Pius IX a "debaucher, forger, adulterer, and assassin"—and after a dramatic "return" to the Church, made a second fortune by attacking the Jews. In both his periods, he made it his business (literally) to "expose" the vices, first of the priests, later of the Jews and Masons, being careful always to describe their immorality in fullest detail. Drumont was a believer in spiritualism and palmistry, who carried a mandrake root, and was a staunch supporter of Gaston

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Méry, the "discoverer" of Mlle. Couédon, a "descendant" of the Man in the Iron Mask. His "reversion" to the Church was prompted by a certain sense of her historic role in France more than by anything else, and, as the author points out: "It should be clearly stated that Drumont in the truest sense never really became a Catholic, for he had no thorough understanding of his creed—and no true Catholic can become an anti-Semite."

The book is not pleasant, but it is salutary reading. One regrets, however, that Mr. Byrnes did not choose to set against the ephemeral figures of Drumont and Taxil the momentous figure of Léon Bloy, with his everlasting indictment of anti-Semitism; against the liars, the "pilgrim of the absolute."

The Foot of Pride, by Malcolm Hay (Beacon Press, 352p. \$3.75), a Catholic, appears with the blessing of the Unitarian minister, Pierre van Paassen, who speaks of Malcolm Hay's "scholarly pre-

cision and frightening objectivity." Far from it! There is the minor flaw that his citations do not always show familiarity with scholarly practice. And then, he wishes to recount "the pressure of Christendom on the people of Israel for 1900 years," but his picture is completely distorted. Never so much as mentioning

Jewish pressure on Christianity, the pressure, for instance, of Jewish officialdom on the infant Church, he finds "the first hint of hostility, the first suggestion of religious Judaeophobia," in St. John's Gospel, and considers Hitler's crimes the logical consequence of the medieval theory on the Jews.

By the time St. John wrote his Gospel, the hostile attitude of the high priests toward Jesus had colored the mind of the Jewish people, prevailing over their original affection for Him. Hence "the Jews" meant for the evangelist those who opposed Christ. There was no anti-Semitism in the expression, for it was the same evangelist who called the Jews Christ's own and who recorded: "Salvation is of the Jews."

But this eludes Mr. Hay's perception, as do many fine shades of meaning, as well as the whole religious issue, the spiritual background and significance of his subject. Further, his linking of Hitler's crimes to the Middle Ages and to the teachings of the Church shows not his "frightening objectivity" but his frightening lack of objectivity and precision. Hitler's crimes had no root in Christianity; on the contrary, they were the evil offshoot of his hatred for Christ. Much of what Mr. Hay reports is regrettably true, but rarely does he see the facts in their full historical setting. All in all, good though his intentions may have been, the job he undertook was much too big for him, so that his book is a disservice to the cause he champions.

The Hebrew Impact on Western Civilization, edited by Dagobert D. Runes (Philosophical Library. 922p. \$10), is notable in that it is pretentious, shallow and resentful. Its lack of integrity is betrayed on the very first page, which bears a dedication to the six million Jews "put to the axe by the German nation" (italics mine)—and this by the editor, Dagobert D. Runes, who protests, and rightly, when the Jews as a whole are blamed for the death of Christ. Want of integrity is shown again by the fact that the nations in whose midst the Jews live are called now pagan, now Christian, as suits the writer's syllogism.

The title is utterly misleading, for no real attempt is made to weigh the Hebrew impact on Western civilization. Much of the book, clumsy and confused in style, gives the effect of a society column or a publicity release, and many chapters are little more than accumulations of Jewish names, hardly any effort being made to determine whether their influence was for good or bad. Walter Winchell ranks with Walter Lippmann, Joshua Loth Liebman with Henri Bergson. Harold Laski is called a clear-sighted thinker, and one contributor is exultant over the praise Lenin had for Trotsky.

The aim of the book is to dispel bias against the Jews. Here is just one instance of the inner blindness with which some of its authors hope to accomplish this end. Quoted as typical of Jewish Charity is the admirable Code of Maimonides, with its eight degrees of charity, capped by the admonition so "to strengthen the hand of an Israelite in need . . . that he may not become a beggar." Contrasted with it is a quota-

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tion from the English Poor Law of the sixteenth century, with its provisions for branding and enslaving vagabonds and feeding them on "bread and water and refuse meat." This, incredible though it seems, is held to typify non-Jewish philanthropy, and the difference is supposed to have existed "from time immemorial."

There are agreeable exceptions among the chapters of the book, as, for instance, "Jewish Cultural Influence in the Middle Ages," by Cecil Roth, "Judaism and Music," by Paul Nettl, and Martin L. Wolf's "The Jew and the Law." Yet as a whole the book suffers from an unhealthy mentality, a defensiveness that ends in self-worship. Moreover, to answer Hitler's malice and the agony of his victims with a list of achievements shows little understanding of their frightful depth.

It is a pleasure to cheer Ludwig Lewisohn's *The American Jew* (Farrar, Strauss & Young, 175p. \$2.50). Although he is deaf to the claim of Christ and not free from clichés like "the rejection of life by Pauline Christianity," although he is uncritical enough to call Freud the "modern Jewish sage," still, his book is a great comfort, for it is a call to the Jews to return to their religious values.

In vivid language denouncing the rebellion against the spirit which has "plunged half of the world into a freezing and intolerable hell of spiritual nothingness," he condemns the modern man who thinks himself "liberated by Darwin and Marx from moral responsibility and spiritual fact." He speaks out against those who worship the "not-gods," the "carcasses" and "dumb idols" of which the prophets thundered, and which in this age are named "games and sports and radios and cars and television and, one step higher, meetings and resolutions and inter-faith (where there is no faith) and anti-defamation and, above all and most evil of all, smoother and smoother adaptation to an uncritically accepted environment."

Mr. Lewisohn demands that the chains of scientism be broken, and unmasks the intellectual charlatany which proclaims man but a primate and leaves him with a universe empty, without God or hope. Pleading with every Jew for an inner change, pleading with him to embody the Torah in his whole existence, he cries out to him to sanctify his life, to render it significant, to love the Eternal with all his heart.

Among other things, he urges a Jewish grade school in every community, for, he says: "Neither Jews nor Christians can afford much longer to subject their children to the schools of Dr. Bell's description—the schools that emphasize 'skill without study,' 'mastery without apprenticeship,' history without God, man, the brute, without moral anchorage." Here is one of the few authentic voices of American Judaism.

JOHN M. OESTERREICHER

Trinity or three-word slogan?

THE AGE OF LONGING

By Arthur Koestler. Macmillan. 362p. \$3.50.

Hydie, an American girl, and Fedya Nikitin, an official of the "Commonwealth of Freedomloving Peoples," both resident in Paris in the year 195—, are the protagonists of this novel. They are even more obviously the symbols of the intellectual and moral status in which millions of human beings will soon find themselves trapped, according to Mr. Koestler, if, indeed, they are not in the snares already.

Fedya is the Communist simon-pure. He believes, with the cold passion of utter conviction and devotion, that communism is literally the salvation of the world. He rises to be the perfect party robot, ruthless, efficient, innocent of doubt or a sense of guilt, possessed in almost literal diabolical wise by certainty that communism provides the only possible Absolute.

But no, he was not quite the perfect Communist. He allowed himself to get involved in an affair with the girl Hydie, and it brought about his ruin, though he considered it no ruin at all, but the simple and inevitable working out of the logic of totalitarianism. He was, accordingly, even proud to be a victim to the perfection of the system.

Hydie was possessed by nothing at all. She had been educated in a convent, but lost her faith (sillyly enough, as Koestler tells it, on witnessing agonizing suffering, at which the holiness attributed to her would never have rebelled), her morals, everything save a desperate longing to recapture something in which she could believe. It was, of course, Fedya's certainty of belief that attracted her to him. That attraction is delineated, in psychological and physical detail, with a brutal animality which, however unpleasantly it may strike the reader, is not seductive and is very probably quite representative of communism's creed about sex, love and marriage.

These characters are, so to speak, the stellar attractions, but the finest in the book is Leontiev, the erstwhile Hero of Culture, who "goes to Capua," i.e., breaks with the party on the suspicious death of his wife, determines to write the book that will expose all the horror of communism, but finds that his will and intellect have been so atrophied by the propaganda he has ground out over the years, that he is morally and intellectually impotent. He sinks to become a second-rate entertainer in a bistro, until the inevitable day comes when the dread security squad tramps into his dream-world to lead him away to liquidation. He poses the nice question whether any ideal can, without a miracle of grace, replace the "god that failed."

This is not a good novel, but it is a marvelously convincing tract for the

times. Brilliant conversation treads on the heel of brilliant conversation, most of it from the mouths of the "intelligentsia," who talk themselves into a stupor in the midst of the age when, all but hidden to their own consciousness, a passionate longing for the truth that is God is knocking at the world's heart—or corroding its vitals.

One character, talking to Hydie, sums it up:

On that day [Bastille Day, July 14, 1789] the Holy Trinity was replaced by the three-word slogan which you find written over our town halls and post offices. Europe has not yet recovered from that operation, and all our troubles today are secondary complications. . . . The People . . . have been deprived of their only asset: the knowledge, or the illusion, whichever you like, of having an immortal soul. Their faith is dead, their kingdom is dead, only the longing remains.

Can this happen—or has it already happened—here? HAROLD C. GARDNER

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ROUND THE BEND

By Nevil Shute. Morrow. 341p. \$3.50.

Here is a story destined to cause a bit of a stir because it flirts with an old question and comes up with an answer already old by the time Nestorius thought it new: "Is not this the carpenter's son...? How is it that all this has come to him?" The Laborer in question provided an adequate response concerning His origins some hundreds of times, but it has been thought more convenient then and since to assign another.

Theology set aside, Mr. Shute (to his intimates, N. S. Norway, sometime airplane manufacturer and member of the Royal Aeronautical Society), is assured a circle of absorbed readers by virtue of his art. Five other of his tales within the past ten years have made the point that the lower passions need not be titillated in order that writing should be accounted good or booksellers' registers set to jingling merrily. My, but it's grand fun to watch him at work! And there one finds oneself borrowing the youthful enthusiasms of Tom Cutter.

Cutter tells his own story, from early days as one of a Southampton dockworker's seven children to young maturity and business success as the director of a freight air service out of Bahrein on the Persian Gulf. The building up of the business is so skilfully done that the reader might easily be surprised to learn that the fictional enterprise stands for no reality.

The young Englishman is all work which to him is play, by no means dull and resulting in considerable jack. He has a few notions which are an affront to "Empiah," such as imagining that a Briton is every bit as good as a man of color. Acting on business principle which happens oddly to tie in with moral precept, Cutter is before long the employer of a force of pilots and engineers recruited among Sikhs, Moslems, Chinese and Iraqi. He is likewise happy to take on a boyhood friend from English air-circus days, one Constantine Shak Lin.

Born a British subject at Penang of a Chinese father and a Russian mother, Connie is a thoroughly regular chap whose preoccupation is religion. He preaches devotion to one God, prayer of praise and petition, and dependence on His providence in the conduct of the air industry. Prayer sessions at the hangars in which Buddhists, Moslems and Hindus join result in meticulous care in daily work, causing puzzled spectators (of Cutter's stamp) to call it the New Maintenance.

Shak Lin's gospel resembles John the Baptist's, with his salutary advice to tax-collectors and soldiers on how to save their souls. Unlike John, he can point to no one greater than himself, and so at his early

death he becomes the recipient of a flourishing cult. He is El Amin, the Teacher, who knows but divine? Even Cutter is not sure, although he loves Shak Lin's sister, fruitlessly, the last pages disclose, for Nadezna will not disillusion the faithful by espousing domesticity. Tom, in any case, has walked and talked, he thought, with God.

The author's lack of comprehension exasperates at the same time his surer instinct inspires. His characters labeled Christians are such by the vaguest verbal convention; oriental detachment and trust find no rival in the creed outworn that has suckled them. It is a case of any candidate winning a thumping victory over no candidate. Could someone tell Shute of fishermen on the sands saying a morning rosary before putting out for a catch, describe to him Peter Claver's death at Cartagena, submit to the historical process the miracles of Islam's Prophet, the gifted writer might be made to see that his syncretism has long ago met its match. It was an Oriental who said we were gods but pointed to His actions to convince us that He was the only Son of His Father.

GERARD S. SLOYAN

THE GREEN AND THE RED: Sean O'Casey the Man and His Works

Arts, Inc. 120p. \$3.90.

Sean O'Casey is a man of genius warped by his age into a literary and ideological monster. Hence he is disparaged by his countrymen and, like James Joyce, is by way of becoming a cult among the non-Irish. Mr. Koslow's book may be the first in a line of devotional works and the beginning of a myth.

Or you could say the myth began with O'Casey himself and those magically written scriptures of the damned which some folk call his autobiography—the series beginning with *I Knock at the Door*. In that series the pale, self-dedicated exile does achieve a poetic paraphrase of his own life. Mr. Koslow apparently accepts it quite seriously as the source-book for a story of the playwright's life, just as he apparently accepts a Marxist tract as reliable history of twentieth-century Ireland. One can only deduce from the internal evidence, since no bibliography is appended. Perhaps he chose well; it may be that O'Casey bulked as large in the Irish independence movement as he himself appears to believe, and it may be that the Dublin tram strike was the great crisis of modern Ireland. If Mr. Koslow had searched further—and if he pretends to be a scholar he should have—he would have encountered dissenting opinions.

Some faint note of critical independence is sounded in the appraisal of O'Casey's plays, but there appears to be only admiration for the strange career which led from a Dublin back street to

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an English suburb, for the spiritual journey from Irish nationalism to worship of Moscow's red star. Mr. Koslow notes, but fails in my opinion to appreciate, the key to O'Casey's tragedy, which is that he never "belonged." O'Casey, poor harlequin, was slum-born, Dublin-bred, Nationalist and Protestant, cut off from any real kinship with the Catholic poor around him or with the Anglo-Irish gentry. Small wonder that in an intense country like Ireland his natural juices turned to venom. Says Mr. Koslow:

The advantages, however, outweighed the disadvantages. The very fact that he was an outsider allowed him to view the religious scene with a greater perspective; further, his portrayal of religion was not bound by conscious or unconscious religious heritage and practices.

This is such self-evident nonsense that it need only be pointed out that O'Casey's own revelations give it the lie. As his story makes plain, he was a partisan in his Church of Ireland youth and remained a partisan in his Marxist middle age. His every approach to the religion around him was bound by his own different heritage. Give the man this credit—he has never pretended to objectivity, as Mr. Koslow does.

WALTER O'HEARN

UNITED STATES SUBMARINE OPERATIONS IN WORLD WAR II

By Theodore Roscoe. U. S. Naval Institute, Annapolis, Md. 577p. \$10.

This is an indispensable reference book for every college and public library, and an absolute essential for the scholar who wishes to understand the decay and defeat of the Japanese in World War II.

Writing for the Navy Department, with access to official records and key personnel, Mr. Roscoe has told a complete if not definitive story of our undersea warfare against Japan. From his book, it becomes quite clear that the submarine, which sank 5,320,094 tons of Japanese shipping, could possibly have won the war single-handed if we had the time and patience to dismember the Japanese empire by the slow process of destroying the floating links which chained the empire together. Since we, in 1951, with the pressures of modern industrial requirements, are even more dependent upon overseas items like tungsten and manganese than we are upon uranium, the story of the submarine's war against Japan is especially pertinent.

Such a book could, in its effort to attain completeness, have become a dull compilation and synthesis of data. It is anything but dull. Mr. Roscoe has a vivid, readable style, well suited to the tastes of mass audiences. The pages are alive and more fascinating in dramatic impact and incredible twists than most expertly fashioned fiction.

This excellent book is so complete that the publishers have overlooked an opportunity. The book should have the gold dolphins of a qualified submariner pinned onto the dust jacket, because a reader by the time he finishes reading the book has almost lived through the long months and years of the submarines' war against Japan.

R. W. DALY

THE WORLD OF WILLA CATHER

By Mildred R. Bennett. Dodd, Mead. 226p. \$3.50.

The reader will readily forgive Mrs. Bennett's chaotic assembly of biographical materials, her faulty chronology and her uncritical handling of evidence in this book because she has performed the immensely important service of tracing the actual facts of Willa Cather's life in the patterns of her fiction.

For here indeed is the world of Willa Cather, her family and friends, the houses she lived in, the society and milieu she loved and hated, the growing, glowing world of the Great Plains just before the turn of the century. Photographs, letters, the recollections of intimates, forgotten school-girl essays and speeches, the local newspapers—all yield up their wealth of reminiscence. Virtually all the characters appearing in *O Pioneers*, *The*

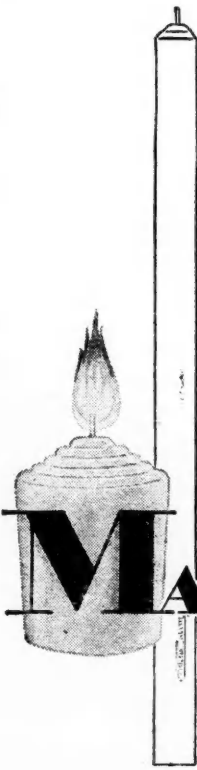
Song of the Lark, *My Antonia*, *One of Ours*, *A Lost Lady*, *Lucy Gayheart* and *Sapphira and the Slave Girl* as well as in the short stories are clearly identified.

Mrs. Bennett's memoir confirms the impression that Miss Cather's art was rarely inventive. Even the writings which are not unequivocally autobiographical, such as *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, owe a great deal to borrowings from biographies and letters. Miss Cather's imagination, even in her poems, lived in the precinct of memory.

Indeed, the weight of the evidence in this direction is so heavy that an unsympathetic critic might be led to characterize the bulk of Willa Cather's fiction as a sublimated family album. Were it not for the fact that Miss Cather was a devoted artist she might well have become a literary photographer. But how she could touch her portraits up!

It will not seem odd, except perhaps to those who demand conformity in heroines, that Willa Cather was in her youth eccentric, in middle age rebellious and in old age indignant and seclusive. A close reading of her works supports the impressions left by Mrs. Bennett's biographical findings.

But we should not be deceived by the mannish mask of the young woman or the dragon mask of the old maid, or the various other disguises Miss Cather wore



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from time to time. The masks were a necessary protection for a mind too taut, a heart too sensitive to be exposed either to the abrasive touches of routine or to the saws of Miss Cather's most hateful enemy, time.

The wine of her spirit she willingly poured out, but herself, the vessel, she kept in her own possession. In this, as in many other things, she remains an admirable exception to the egotistic literary generation of which she was a most reluctant member.

FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY

BENEDICT KIELY is a Dublin newspaperman, critic and novelist whose latest book is *In a Harbour Green*. REV. JOHN M. OESTERREICHER, himself a convert from Judaism, is stationed at Old St. Peter's, New York City. REV. GERARD SLOYAN is Professor of Education at Catholic University. FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY, author and lecturer, is on the English faculty at Fordham University.

THE WORD

There is much else besides that Jesus did; if all of it were put in writing, I do not think the world itself would contain the books which would have to be written (John 21:25, Palm Sunday).

The suburban local stopped and took another breath on its way into the city. I looked out at the cosy little commuter station and saw nothing much. Then my eye fell on one of those posters the Broadway shows spread so thickly along commuter routes. That morning I had been reading the Passion. And when I saw the wording on the poster the contrast struck me very forcibly.

It said, about some new play or other, that it was "the drama of the century." It was "a portrait of the most touching nobility painted upon a canvas black with vicious and brutal violence." The producers seemed to think that its story was "the greatest of all time, the story of what every man wants to be."

The train began to move again. Under the subdued noise I wondered what people thought, if anything, when they read that ad. They are so used to taking advertising with more than a grain of salt that I suppose they just wouldn't believe it. This play might have no more chance of becoming the drama of the century than "The Adventures of Howdy Doodie." That "touching nobility" might easily refer to our hero's unflagging devotion to someone else's wife.

There is a drama about which all these

fine, high things can really be said. It is the Sacred Passion of Our Lord, which will be read to you this Sunday at Mass. This really is the "drama of the century," and of every century, for that matter. It portrays the sufferings of the gentlest and strongest character ever known. It rockets toward the most important climax ever devised, because it is the climax of the battle to save humanity. As for "touching nobility," who could be more noble than the Hero in this sacred drama? He is the Son of God. Yet His great love reduces Him to the semblance of a mere man, twisted and smashed by those He befriended, marked for destruction as a menace by His own people.

No other story could compete with The Sacred Passion of Our Lord as "the greatest of all time." It is our own story, too. We aren't in the audience for this drama; we're on the stage. We are the third corner of the dramatic triangle, because Christ did battle with sin for love of you and me and all of us. And best of all, the story is true. Christ really did save us from eternal death by His own sacrificial death and Resurrection. The Passion is the only "story of what every man wants to be." It is a deliberate example set by the Son of God of how men must live and fight and die if they are to become themselves sons of God for ever.

The Passion of Our Lord will have no poster campaign. If you want to re-live it on Palm Sunday or during Holy Week, then read the Passion according to Saints Matthew, Mark, Luke and John in the New Testament. It is the script of the drama where you play a part yourself. Maybe if you study it you can improve your part. It can make your attendance at Mass a joy. For the Mass is the daily re-enactment of this too-little-appreciated drama. Even though there will be no posters to remind you, be sure you don't miss at least a private reading, a prayerful reading, of the greatest drama of all.

DANIEL FOGARTY, S.J.

THEATRE

THE HIGH GROUND, with Margaret Webster, Tom Helmore and Leueen MacGrath starred in a cerebral whodunit, is an Albert H. Rosen production, presented at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre. Miss Webster is a nun in charge of a hospital in which Mr. Helmore is the resident physician. Miss MacGrath is a girl condemned to be executed for murder.

Miss MacGrath is innocent, of course, but is saved from hanging only because Charlotte Hastings and Providence arranged for her to be detained overnight in a convent. After her final appeal has been denied by a court in London, a con-

stable and a matron are escorting the girl to the county prison where she has been sentenced to die. They are caught in a storm that inundates the country and are forced to seek shelter in the convent until the roads are passable. Before they leave, the nun has sifted the evidence presented at the girl's trial, and not only cracked the Crown's ironclad case but has also fingered the perpetrator of the crime.

There is a minimum of action in Miss Hastings' mystery, and, since the girl is obviously guiltless, suspense is limited to wondering how the nun will prove her innocence and anxiety that proof may be too late. *The High Ground* was produced in London last year, and had a rather successful run. It will hardly be as popular on our side of the Atlantic, where audiences prefer more excitement in their mysteries.

The characters conform to human specifications, however, or appear to when fleshed out by the cast assembled by Mr. Rosen and capably directed by Herman Shumlin. Miss Webster's performance as the nun is especially impressive. Sister Mary Bonaventure is a woman endowed with high executive ability, an analytical mind and sympathy for all kinds of underdogs. Miss Webster's portrayal of the nun is full stature and in three dimensions. Miss MacGrath is convincing as the girl unjustly convicted for murder—bitter and sullen when her guards bring her into the convent, her spirit rising when she is offered an opportunity for creative work in what she believes are her last hours in the world of the living. Logan Ramsey is eloquent as a feeble-minded young man who is harmless so long as he is treated kindly.

Peggy Clark's set, lights and costumes are just right for a cops-and-robbers story in the tranquil atmosphere of a convent.

THE KING OF FRIDAY'S MEN, a character explains in the final act of Michael J. Molloy's Irish folk drama, are the men who are born to serve by suffering, like their Saviour, who died on Good Friday. Originally produced at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, the play was presented in New York by Michael Grace at The Playhouse. Walter Macken was featured as Our Lord's man Friday, and should have been starred. Stewart Chaney designed the sets and selected the costumes.

Landlordism was one of the paramount reasons why Ireland was in perpetual revolt against English rule for more than two centuries. Mr. Molloy's play told how one attractive maid was saved from a lecherous landlord by her foxy guardian and a shillelagh fighter with a strong arm and courageous heart. The contest of landlord against landless peasant could be exciting drama. But something went wrong in the New York production. Played for laughs instead of drama, the production closed after five performances.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

FILMS

USS TEAKETTLE. Having culled the material for two of their best recent comedies, *Mr. 880* and *The Jackpot*, from the pages of the *New Yorker* magazine, 20th Century-Fox reaches once more into the same source of supply and comes up with another winner. The *USS Teakettle* is a sub-chaser with a formidable, experimental steam engine—capable of breaking speed records but also all too capable of breaking its main valve—which the Navy is very anxious to have tested. Seemingly out of sheer perversity, but (as it later develops) with a method in their madness, the top brass assigns an inexperienced bunch of naval reserve landlubbers to the job. The picture recounts their baffled, tentative and ingenious attempts to harness the monster, their humiliating failures, and finally their backhanded but none the less satisfying triumph. Running the comedy gamut from a gentle spoofing of Navy protocol to a death-defying, slapstick chase through teeming Norfolk harbor, it succeeds for the most part in seeming both very funny and quite possibly true. Gary Cooper, Millard Mitchell and Eddie Albert are among the sorely tried crew, and Jane Greer is occasionally in evidence as a resourceful Wave who is also the skipper's wife. *Adult*.

ROYAL WEDDING. This latest Fred Astaire musical seems partially inspired, if that is the right word, by an incident in its star's early career. A Broadway brother and sister team (Astaire and Jane Powell) are persuaded to take their hit show to London for a winter season which is also to be highlighted by the marriage of a royal princess. Even in Technicolor the excerpts from the show which the movie displays do not look like a performance which would be the hit of one continent, let alone two. Also, possibly due to a lack of cooperation on the part of the royal family, the wedding from which the picture takes its name does not figure very prominently on the screen. From the point of view of the principals, however, the trip is a success, for the sister gets herself a duke (Peter Lawford) while her brother settles for a pubkeeper's stage-struck daughter (Sarah Churchill, who in private life is an ex-Prime Minister's daughter). Keenan Wynn, as the comedy relief, plays twin brothers, very American and very British respectively, and neither of them very amusing. The *adult* film's brightest spot, a bit of fantasy in which Astaire appears to dance on all four walls and the ceiling, is an arresting

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Newman. \$4.25 By Sister Josepha Menendez
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Sheed & Ward. \$4 Assembled by Frank Sheed
- 4 MARIA GORETTI
Catholic Book Pub. Co. \$1.25 By C. E. Maguire
- 5 ONE MOMENT PLEASE
Doubleday. \$2 By James M. Keller
- 6 HIS PASSION FOREVER
Bruce. \$2 By Daniel Lord, S.J.
- 7 REPROACHFULLY YOURS
Sheed & Ward. \$2.25 By Lucile Hasley
- 8 LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST, 2 vols.
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1. Way of Divine Love
Sister Josepha Menendez
Newman
2. Reproachfully Yours
Hasley
Sheed & Ward
3. Seven Storey Mountain
Merton
Harcourt, Brace
4. The Mary Book
assembled by Sheed
5. Saints Are Not Sad
Sheed
Sheed & Ward
6. The Greatest Story Ever Told
Oursler
Doubleday
7. Image of His Maker
Bremen
Bruce
8. Confessions of St. Augustine
ed. by Sheed
Sheed & Ward
9. Mr. Blue
Connolly
Macmillan
10. Peace of Soul
Fulton Sheen
Whittlesey House

CLUB SELECTIONS FOR MARCH

The Catholic Book Club:
Pillar of Fire
Karl Stern
Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50

The Spiritual Book Associates:
Lenten Conferences: A Symposium
Spiritual Book Associates. \$4.50

The Catholic Children's Book Club:
PICTURE BOOK GROUP:
A Child's Life of Jesus
Fulton Oursler
Watts

INTERMEDIATE GROUP:
Wild Horse Island
Elisa Bialk
Houghton Mifflin

OLDER BOYS:
The Adventures of Wu Han of Korea
Albert J. Nevins
Dodd, Mead

OLDER GIRLS:
The Island of Dark Woods
Phyllis A. Whitney
Westminster

blend of artistry and camera magic. (MGM)

MOLLY. Ordinarily I will run a mile from movies about family life which are based on comic strips or radio serials. Not because I have anything against family life but because the characters and incidents therein are generally caricatured or sentimentalized out of all resemblance to humanity. The vehicle which transplants the Goldbergs from radio and television to the screen cannot escape from the "To be continued" look. This week Molly (Gertrude Berg) gets a tangled romantic quadrangle paired off properly. Next on her agenda could be salvaging her husband Jake's (Philip Loeb's) foundering business. But the picture has an honest warmth of characterization, a feeling for human dignity and a lot of laughs that go deeper than dialect. I enjoyed it and so, I think, will the family (Paramount)

TARGET UNKNOWN is based on a wartime Air Force training film called *Resisting Enemy Interrogation*. The purpose of the documentary was to spell out forcefully the diverse and subtle techniques by which the enemy might trick strategic information out of captured combat fliers. As long as the commercial remake sticks to being a cautionary tale and demonstrates how a normally alert bomber crew (Mark Stevens, Alex Nicol and Don Taylor among others) is outsmarted by a German Intelligence team (Robert Douglas and Gig Young), it is absorbing, even if somewhat grim. When it reaches out of context to tack on an up-beat ending, it becomes distressingly synthetic. *Family*. (Universal-International)

MOIRA WALSH

PARADE

THE ACTIVITY OF THE HUMAN spirit during the week raised a chorus of unfavorable comment. . . . The behavior-patterns were considered either undistinguished or worse. . . . Activity which defeated itself drew critical fire. . . . Entering a New York store, a hold-up man pulled out his gun, shot himself in the leg. . . . Other forms of self-frustration were on view. . . . While dressing preparatory to speaking before the Edinburgh Accident Prevention Council on how to prevent accidents, the Chairman of the Council dropped his shaving water, scalded his foot, could not attend the meeting. . . . Wizards faltered. . . . In a London TV studio, a Yogi expert stretched over the backs of two chairs to demonstrate perfect rigidity. He followed with the "Human ball trick" to

exemplify flexibility. On his way home, he slipped, sprained his ankle. . . . Depressing scenes from small-town life were described. . . . In Biloxi, Miss., a barber, while cutting a customer's hair, noticed that a 7½ foot boa constrictor was coming into his shop through the front door. Barber and customer jumped through a window. . . . Scenes from metropolitan centers were coldly received. . . . In New York, a young man, visiting the city for the first time, and the manhole cover on which he was standing were blown up into the air. After reversing direction, the young man dropped into the manhole, from which he was fished uninjured but a bit shaken.

Producing the far-flung unfavorable reaction were behavior-forms of divergent types. . . . The false notion that the end justifies the means was once more advanced. . . . In Philadelphia, a defendant on a gambling charge told the judge: "Your Honor, I'm only trying to make an honest dollar in a crooked way." The plea failed to ward off a sizable fine. . . . Blurred ideas concerning fame were manifested. . . . In New York, a recruit, answering a U. S. enlistment-form question: "Have you or any members of your family ever figured prominently in the news?" wrote: "Yes, in 1923 my father went to prison for counterfeiting." . . . Strange types of appetite were exhibited. . . . In London, a doctor, operating on a man suspected of having peritonitis, found in the patient's abdomen one bicycle wrench, a bicycle bolt and a coiled spring. When the man came to, the doctor asked if he had swallowed anything else. "I'm afraid there may be a bit of a hacksaw in there yet," the man replied. After extracting the hacksaw part, the doctor reported to the British Medical Journal that the man is well on the road to recovery.

Last week was not the first time the activity of the human spirit stirred up unfavorable comment. . . . It has done a lot of that in the past also. . . . Contrariwise, it has through the long centuries frequently merited enthusiastic commendation. . . . Unique in its possession of free will, the human spirit can embrace good or evil. . . . What a diabolically evil being this human spirit can become was exemplified by Nazi leaders and is being exemplified today by the rulers of Russia and her satellites. . . . On the other hand, the glorious, God-like being it can develop into is being ceaselessly demonstrated by the canonizations in Rome. . . . In this life, the good people and the evil people rub shoulders with one another. . . . In the next life, the two groups are separated, and through all eternity never have the slightest contact one with the other.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

A very good book . . . straight, uncompromising doctrine . . . it pulls no punches . . .
—Harold C. Gardiner, S. J.

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JESUIT HOME MISSION. My hope—a school to plant the Catholic tradition. Small contributions are precious and welcome. Rev. John Risscher, S.J., Holy Cross Mission, Durham, North Carolina.

JESUIT MISSION. I shall devote part of my time during 1951, my Golden Jubilee Year in the Society of Jesus, to helping the Jesuit Mission in Belize, Central America, erect a much-needed college building. To my prayers to Francis Xavier and the Little Flower, co-patrons of the missions. You may add your financial assistance. Rev. Jos. F. Kiefer, S.J., St. Ferdinand Rectory, Florissant, Mo.

MISSIONARY PRIEST struggling to build school; 115 Catholics in two counties of 85,000 population. Please help us! Rev. Louis R. Williamson, Hartsville, South Carolina.

CORRESPONDENCE

Rooting out Reds

EDITOR: Robert C. Hartnett, in endeavoring to refute Helen Conley's claim that Pres. Truman's anti-Communist record is not too good, asks several rhetorical questions (AM. 2/17, p. 600) to prove Truman's anti-communism. For instance, he asks: "Who set up the loyalty boards to root out Reds?" But did they "root out Reds"? And were they expected to do much rooting out, any more than the Tydings committee was expected to do much rooting out? He continues: "Who appointed the well-known Republican lawyer, Seth Richardson, to head the boards?" But didn't Richardson's boards clear Remington? C. F. SMITH

Brooklyn, N. Y.
(This question is dealt with in our editorial on p. 690. Ed.)

Trial by verse

EDITOR: In reviewing Rosamond Haas' *This Time This Tide* (AM. 3/3, p. 647), Rev. William A. Donaghy, S.J., pays tribute to a poet whose "high and valid talent" could not escape the sensitive reader. He sets, moreover, the seal of purest candor on his critique by avowing that "Omen" baffles him utterly.

We have all been baffled by our blind spot now and then. I dare say Father Donaghy would consent to a jury trial for the poet. Here are the lines:

The pool
Is troubled where,
Parting the water reeds
Your lashes are, my glance starts one
Dark bird.

EDGAR R. SMOTHERS, S.J.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

AFL and night-work bill

EDITOR: As counsel for the New York State Restaurant Association and many of its member restaurants, I read with especial interest your editorial "Night work for women" (2/24, p. 607).

I suppose it was only after you had gone to press that the latest developments in the night-work legislation occurred. The locals you mention had consistently opposed former night-work measures. Nevertheless, the present bill, very recently submitted to the State Legislature, is the result of unanimous agreement on the part of the AFL, the Restaurant Association and the Industrial Commissioner.

Far from constituting a wedge for repeal, the bill requires that individual application be made. It leaves much to the discretion of the Commissioner of Labor. I am sure he will establish stand-

ards of administration which will insure against abuse. This is especially true in view of the fact that Commissioner Corsi is himself a declared advocate of protective legislation and was an outspoken opponent of previous night-work bills.

The present bill now lies on the desks of the legislators, marked "Endorsed by the AFL"—the official stamp of approval of that organization.

GODFREY P. SCHMIDT
New York, N. Y.

(AMERICA is happy to know that a compromise has been approved which, though somewhat relaxing the present law, retains the principle of special protection for women workers. According to our information, the AFL's official "stamp of approval" must not be interpreted as an enthusiastic endorsement of the new bill. Rather, it is a grudging admission, forced by political circumstances, that half a loaf is better than none. The AFL counts strongly on Mr. Corsi's enlightened administration of the law. Ed.)

A word for the "noncoms"

EDITOR: Congratulations on your comment, "Preparing students for camp life" (2/10, p. 541).

However, I wish to call your attention to what may have been an oversight on your part. You wrote: "In the city there are certainly fine Catholic men who were officers in the war, and above all there are ex-chaplains who have guided other boys through the Scylla and Charybdis of laxity and holier-than-thou-ness."

By all means I agree with you about our ex-chaplains, but I wonder why you limit your first mention to "... fine Catholic men who were officers..." You seem to have overlooked the "noncoms," who make up the bulk of the GI's. They could be very helpful too.

EDWARD H. FREEMAN JR.
Columbus, Ohio.

Esperanto

EDITOR: Echoes of the urgent and effective article on Esperanto by Father LaFarge (AM. 9/23/50) have set me thinking that some of your readers may be interested to learn of the International Catholic Esperanto Union (I.K.U.E., Vechtstraat 5, Amsterdam-Z, The Netherlands) and of its time-honored periodical, *Espero Katolika* ("Catholic Hope"). Its official representative in the United States is Peter Golobic (Camp Navajo, R.D. 2, Medina, Ohio).

GABRIEL N. PAUSBACK, O. CARM.
Chicago, Ill.